

Untitled

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INT. JOEY'S MANSION - DAY

Ornately decorated. Balloons stick to the ceiling.
Flamboyant colors sprinkled about.

Hundreds are gathered. Dressed in upscale attire.

The ballroom is crowded with men and women, entranced in
danced. Elegant wine glasses in hand.

The pool is visible from the tall glass windows.

INT. JOEY'S MANSION - BALCONY - DAY

Opera music blares from a nearby radio. The highs and the
lows resonate.

A MUSTACHE'D MAN, in his thirties, leans on the railing.
Overlooks the finely groomed property. Women loiter about
the pool. The men swim in it.

A man appears to his left. Wears glasses that make his 35
years of age look like 45. And a coat that makes his small
frame look bulky. TRAVIS.

The two pay each other no mind.

The mustache'd man moves to a nearby table. Lowers himself
into a seat. Grabs a bottle. Pours.

Travis joins him without invitation.

TRAVIS

He's like Gatsby, ain't he?

Mustache'd man pulls himself away from his drink.

MUSTACHE'D MAN

Joey?

Travis pours a glass of wine. Holds it to his face. Gaze
cements to the mustache'd man's.

Sets the glass down.

The mustache'd man smiles.

The opera grows louder. Splashes the wine in their glasses.

Mustache'd man watches Travis. Smiles.

(CONTINUED)

MUSTACHE'D MAN
You don't drink do you?

Travis smirks.

MUSTACHE'D MAN
Nah. Gatsby wouldn't never have
caught no cancer.

Travis takes another sip.

The mustache'd man does not.

MUSTACHE'D MAN
Everyone thought he would die.
Family pressured him into writing
up a will.

TRAVIS
Bet they couldn't wait till he
dropped dead.

A high-pitched note from the radio. Seems to go on forever.

TRAVIS
How'd we end up up here?

Mustache'd man smiles.

MUSTACHE'D MAN
Some saints ask themselves the same
question.

Puts the glass to his mouth. Sips.

Travis nods. Nods.

A long beat as the two watch one another.

TRAVIS
Perhaps. Joey's got cancer, huh?

MUSTACHE'D MAN
Had. Beat it.

A high-pitched note from the radio.

A high-pitched SCREAM from the floor below.

The mustache'd man curls a smile onto his face.

Travis does not react.

ANGRY VOICE(O.S.)
Get the fuck down!

A few men in black tuxes flood in. Aim their pistols at the back of the mustache'd man's head.

CLACK! Something hit the floor.

Mustache'd man puts his hands in the air in surrender.

A pistol lies on the floor underneath the table by his foot.

BLACK GUNMAN
Down! On your knees!

Mustache'd man obliges, his eyes never leaving Travis's.

BLACK GUNMAN
Hands behind your back!

Mustache'd man obliges, eyes still not leaving Travis's.

The tuxed men rush the mustache'd man and cuff him. Pull him to his feet. Begin dragging him out of the room.

Mustache'd man remains smiling, eyes still on Travis's.

The opera music drowns out the woman's SCREAMING from below.

Travis eyes the gun on the ground.

A low note from the radio.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Immaculate. Shimmering whites and silvers.

At the doorway, a woman screams. Her hands cup her mouth.

She doesn't look at the pearly white surfaces, or glossy silver linings. All she sees is the blood spatter on the wall. The lifeless body on the floor. The whole in the head the size of a penny.

The body's tux matches the bathroom. White. Immaculate. Stained with blotches of unfortunate red.

INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

Ill-lit. Decorated by an array of billiards tables, dart boards, and various gambling machines and tables.

LARRY, perches himself in a corner of the room. Seated beside a man in a blue tux.

LARRY

So they found out the game, Miller.
They found out the game.

Miller offers Larry a handle. Larry shakes his head.

LARRY

Joey came ready to play. That boy
Joey.

Miller takes a swig.

LARRY

It ain't just you and me. Not no
more, it ain't. It's others here
after Joey.

Larry looks to Miller, who's eyes are fixated on the poker table.

MILLER

We keep it clean. No mistakes.

Larry's eyes follow in that direction. He notices his gaze being returned, from the other side of the poker table. A man in just a shirt and bow tie. Suspender straps digging into his shoulders. Not an iota of hesitation in his eyes.

LARRY

Boy came ready to play.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

The attendants form a circle around one man jerking and jiving on the floor. They laugh and clap and as his feet and arms flail about.

A man escapes from the circle and retreats to the juice bar. Pours himself a glass of punch. Sips.

He's old, short, looks like an uncle. Dresses in a fashionable, but relatively dated manner. Hair unkempt, balding around the top. But he doesn't notice. He makes certain to laugh at every joke. He's called BARNEY. He is 48.

(CONTINUED)

He takes another careful sip. Eyes the room about him. Glances at every corner. Every visible face.

Pulls cup back to his face.

ANOTHER MAN, younger, perhaps even wiser, joins him. Pours himself a cup of punch. Brings it to his face.

A beat.

YOUNGER MAN

She'll be here in a few. Had trouble pulling her away.

Barney speaks, cup still covering his mouth.

BARNEY

She ain't gonna talk. Who is she anyway?

Barney's accent is decidedly Italian.

YOUNGER MAN

Didn't say. But she trusts me.

BARNEY

Don't they always.

A young woman approaches them. She's somewhat beautiful. Depends on the angle and the lighting.

YOUNG WOMAN

I was promised punch.

She smiles.

The young man offers her his cup.

She scowls.

YOUNG WOMAN

Lucas.

The young man chuckles before pouring her a cup. Hands it to her.

The young woman graciously accepts and looks to Barney. Offers her hand.

YOUNG WOMAN

Lily.

Barney takes her hand.

BARNEY

Barney.

LILY

Lucas told me you'd be needing my assistance.

Barney squints at "Lucas".

BARNEY

Lucas?

LILY

Now, I haven't actually seen Joey. But I have heard that he will be joining us for the cake cutting.

BARNEY

When's that?

LILY

I wouldn't know. Should be an hour or so.

A MAN IN A PURPLE TUX joins the group. He looks upset. Grabs Lily by the shoulder.

She turns to him, surprised.

PURPLE TUX

What's this, honey?

LILY

Oh, this is Barney and Lucas.

Barney and "Lucas" wave awkwardly.

LILY

Barney and Lucas, this is is my husband, Luke.

Luke begins to tug her away.

LUKE

Guests are waiting.

Luke passes Barney a glare. Turns and drags Lily away.

Lily tries to wave "bye".

A long beat.

Barney whacks "Lucas" in the chest with a backhand.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

Lucas? Really?

LUCAS

I was pressed for time.

BARNEY

Lucas? C'mon, Dennis. What the fuck, man? That Star Wars bullshit?

LUCAS

Not -

BARNEY

And her husband's name is Luke. How you just gonna take his name? Whatever happened to Leroy or Slater or Jimmy or some shit?

LUCAS

Already used those.

BARNEY

Shut the fuck up.

A beat.

BARNEY

You'll use your real name. Least that way you'll sound like less of a dick. Dennis. Got it?

DENNIS(formerly Lucas) nods. Sips his punch.

Barney sips his punch.

INT. JOEY'S MANSION - BAR - DAY

Heavily populated. Country music blasts from the speakers. Creates partisanship. One group dances, slings beer. Hoots and hollers. The other rolls eyes. Shakes their heads. Unamused.

WOOD(30) belongs to the latter. Tuxed like everyone else. But wears a cowboy hat on his head. As if to stick out from the group. He behaves as though his thirty years of age have caught up to him. But they have not.

Wood is accompanied by BLIND MIKE(29). He is blind.

Wood sits up against the bar, waves for a beer every minute or so.

(CONTINUED)

He notices a woman approaching the bar. Attractive, and of course unapproachable. Carries a drink in her hand. Wine.

Wood nudges Blind Mike.

WOOD

Here comes one. Right behind you.
You know what to do.

Blind Mike nods. Hops off his chair, swings around and runs into the woman. Her drink spills all over her white dress. Stains it heavily with red.

The woman shrieks.

BLIND MIKE

I am so sorry.

His hands fumble through the air.

Wood quickly jumps up from his seat and tends to the situation.

WOOD

What happened here?

BLIND MIKE

I am so sorry. I did not see this woman here. I ran into her. On accident.

Wood removes a handkerchief from his jacket pocket, right by his pistol. Attempts to wipe the woman off.

She stands in disbelief.

WOOD

I am so sorry for this. You see, this is my fiend here. He is blind. He can't help it. He was born like this.

He speaks as though his words are overwrought with complexity. But they are not.

WOOD

I've known him since he was a kid. Always got picked on for it. So I looked out for him. He can't help it, you know? So someone has to stand up for him.

Wood begins to notice her frown fade. It begins to curl upwards into a smile.

(CONTINUED)

WOOD

Yeah. He's had it tough. And he's very sorry for this. By the way, I'm Wood. And you are...?

INT. JOEY'S MANSION - STRIP CLUB - DAY

A group of men stare at something OS. They are fascinated. They are intrigued. They nod every now and then in approval.

A red glow cascades the environment.

The men are:

Lief, a gregarious old man of seventy.

His good friend, Buddy Chambers. Of similar age. Less jolly. More stern.

And Phillip, a young man with glasses. A secretary of sorts. He types away on his laptop.

LIEF

Are you getting this, boy?

Phillip nods.

PHILLIP

Yes, sir.

LIEF

Good. Get it all down.

CHAMBERS

He will screw it up.

LIEF

Don't screw it up, boy. It's our lives. We want everyone to know it as we did.

PHILLIP

I am writing everything.

Lief nods in satisfaction. Turns back to the OS image.

CHAMBERS

Just fascinating.

LIEF

A work of art. Fine craftsmanship.

(CONTINUED)

Lief and Chambers' jaws drop simultaneously. In awe. And then they clap, as though stricken with a profound revelation.

CHAMBERS
Get this down, dimwit.

PHILLIP
I am.

CHAMBERS
Better not be poorly written. Make it good. Write it like "The Day the Earth Stood Still".

PHILLIP
What? That's a movie.

LIEF
They made a book about it. It blew my fucking mind.

CHAMBERS
Do it.

PHILLIP
Yes, sir.

Lief and Chambers return their attention to the OS image. They admire.

Lief reaches into his jacket pocket. Grabs a stack of one dollar bills and chucks them at the OS image.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Smoke and steam blend in the atmosphere. As do wheezes and shouts.

REHMAN, somewhere in his 40s, skillfully chops away at a slab of meat. His eyes hang low and unassuming. Never looks directly at anyone or anything. Looks to be Indian.

He shifts the slices aside. Grabs another slab.

A CHEF takes the slices. Lays them out and seasons them.

KNOCKING is heard from OS.

Rehman doesn't hesitate to set his knife down and attend to the noise. A few other chefs attempt to follow him. He waves them down.

(CONTINUED)

Rehman leaks away to the back door.

Opens it and steps out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Rehman stands outside the kitchen door.

A brutish man stands beside him. Wears a black tux in an effort to blend in. It does not fit. His name is CURLY. He is 48.

CURLY

You stink. Smell like fish.

Rehman wipes his bloody hands on his white apron. Does not acknowledge Curly's comment.

CURLY

It seems...the offer's been taken up by more than a few men. Heroes. Soulless bastards.

REHMAN

How many?

Rehman speaks calmly. Dignified, but with a slight accent. But it is not Indian. It's almost forced.

CURLY

I wouldn't know.

Rehman slips a hand into his back pocket. Withdraws a thick envelope and drops it in Curly's sweaty palm.

Curly opens the envelope. Sees a stack of cash. Closes it and sets it in a pocket.

CURLY

So as it is, I'm guessing it's five of em. But it could be more. Don't take my word on it.

Curly looks from left to right. Leans in closer.

CURLY

To be honest with you, I only met one of them. Short little guy.

REHMAN

How do you know he is one of them?

(CONTINUED)

CURLY

Man of no words. Outcast.
Unsociable. Wears sunglasses
inside. Looks like a Secret Service
goon. He's one of em and don't give
a fuck if we all know.

Rehman nods.

REHMAN

I will handle them.

CURLY

I fear for them. Your ways are
unkind.

Rehman returns to the kitchen.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Towards the back, by the stairs sits VAN ROUS (47).

Man of no words. Outcast. Wears sunglasses
inside. Unsociable. Looks like a Secret Service goon.

Van Rous watches the crowd flow before him.

He does not move.

INT. BRIGHT BEDROOM - DAY

Three tux'd men surround the mustache'd man, who is bound to
a chair.

Travis enters. Removes his coat and hangs it on the
doorknob.

Approaches mustache'd man.

TRAVIS

We've already met. But I'm afraid
these three may not have introduced
themselves to you.

Travis looks to the three tuxed men.

Points to the Black one.

TRAVIS

Percy.

Points to a shorter stockier one.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

Frank.

Then to an older one. Bearded.

TRAVIS

Lincoln.

The men stand around idly.

TRAVIS

They're shy. But it would help them
if you would introduce yourself.

Mustache'd man says nothing.

TRAVIS

Yes, I believe this was the cutoff
point of our last discussion.

MUSTACHE'D MAN

Ricardo.

Travis is intrigued.

Ricardo looks to Percy.

RICARDO

We've met.

PERCY

(at Travis)

Yeah, we got a bit out of him.

TRAVIS

What did he tell you?

RICARDO

Nothing much. Just the basics.

Frank gives Ricardo a solid smack over his head.

Percy gestures to the door.

PERCY

Other room.

Travis shrugs and turns to the door.

PERCY

Lincoln, you come with us. Frank,
stay.

FRANK
I ain't no fuckin' dog.

Travis turns around, stricken with a thought.

TRAVIS
No, no, he's right. We can't leave
him here by himself.

FRANK
What I need a babysitter?

PERCY
Shut the fuck up.

FRANK
You shut the-

TRAVIS
No, he'll have to come too. Can't
leave him here alone with our
friend.

PERCY
And why not?

LINCOLN
Too risky. Could be dangerous.

Percy squints at him.

PERCY
What happened to the oath of
silence?

Lincoln ignores him.

TRAVIS
Oath of silence? Is that what it
is?

FRANK
Fuck the oath of silence. Let's get
this shit, right here, straightened
out!

Percy leans against the wall. Reaches for a cigarette.
Decides against it.

PERCY
So...what...we just gonna all go?
Leave him here by himself?

Silence as the group runs ideas through their head.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

We'll stay here then. Just gonna
make sure Ricky here can't hear.

Percy snickers at the idea at first. Then it sinks in. He
grows a liking to it.

Frank has no objections. Shrugs, indifferent.

INT. BRIGHT BEDROOM - CLOSET - DAY

Percy, Lincoln, Frank, and Travis are packed in thickly.
There is little room for breathing. Even less for movement.
They must be judicious. And so they are.

FRANK

He can hear us, man. I know it.

PERCY

Every fuckin' word.

TRAVIS

Focus.

The group is in bad spirits. The cramped quarters weigh
heavily on their patience.

TRAVIS

So Joey...Joey's some guy, some
rich millionaire. Owns some
businesses -

PERCY

Some more lucrative than others.

TRAVIS

Here's his picture.

Travis struggles to reach into his jacket pocket. The
commotion is unsettling. He squirms and reaches and pushes.
To the great displeasure of his comrades.

PERCY

Fuck the picture!

Travis gives up on the picture.

FRANK

Jesus Christ.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

And Silva puts a hit on him. Offers a large sum of money. Who the fuck is Silva?

PERCY

Bad motherfucker. All you need to know.

TRAVIS

And he wants Joey dead because...?

FRANK

Ricardo wouldn't say. Says he ain't know.

TRAVIS

(laughing)

I'm sure he does.

INT. BRIGHT BEDROOM - DAY

Ricardo is sitting in the same position. Still tied up. Now wearing a blindfold made of a handkerchief and ears covered with black tape. An inch thick.

Travis and the others approach him.

Percy rips the tape off of Ricardo's ears. Ricardo does not react.

Percy pulls a gun from his jacket. A small silencer.

PERCY

(at Ricardo)

Listen, bitch...

INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

Larry leans over a pool table. Cue in hand, gripped tightly.

He aims. Breathes. Draws the stick back with careful precision.

LARRY

Last chance to withdraw your wager.
It's on you.

A BALDING MAN(50s) across the table waves him down. He's smug, daring.

(CONTINUED)

Larry shrugs. Tightens his aim. Great strain draws sweat from his palms. Forehead as well.

Larry's eyes pierce the cue ball.

The balding man begins to sweat.

Larry is no longer sweating.

BALDING MAN

Wait.

Larry relaxes. Stands and faces the balding man's defeated face.

BALDING MAN

Let's just call this whole thing off.

Larry wears a look of surprise. Calm satisfaction hides beneath it.

LARRY

Cold feet? That's no good.

The pool table is virtually untouched. The balls are arranged in their original triangular position. Not a round had been played.

BALDING MAN

I'm not much of a betting man.

LARRY

But five balls? For ten grand? Who wouldn't take that?

BALDING MAN

You would have sank those five. I know it.

Larry smirks.

LARRY

Play an actual round?

BALDING MAN

Nah. Nah. I actually have someplace to be.

LARRY

Don't we all.

The balding man turns to start off. Larry stops him.

LARRY

Quick question before you leave...

BALDING MAN

And what's that?

LARRY

You seem nervous.

Balding man wipes imaginary sweat from his forehead.

BALDING MAN

Nah. Nah. It's just a bit hot.

Fluffs his shirt.

BALDING MAN

Why? I mean why would I be nervous?

Larry leans in.

LARRY

(whisper)

'Tween you and me, I seen the dead guy in the bathroom. Hole in his head and everything.

BALDING MAN

Why are you telling me this?

LARRY

Because, friend, it makes me nervous. Thinkin' about how...how a man can walk into the restroom to take a simple piss. And not walk back out. Don't that unnerve you?

Balding man wipes imaginary sweat from his forehead. He breathes as though he is dehydrating.

BALDING MAN

Well...it does. But don't go around talkin' about it. Ruin Joey's party.

LARRY

I understand. But it's just us two here. Just me and you, friend. And if you know anything about that dead man...with the hole in his head...I think it'd be best we discuss it.

Balding man turns to leave.

(CONTINUED)

BALDING MAN

I don't know nothin' about it. Heck
I thought it was a rumor till you
just brought it up. I say we leave
it as it is.

Larry nods in disappointment.

Balding man nods.

BALDING MAN

Good day.

Larry nods once more. Watches as balding man disappears
upstairs.

Larry slips away from the billiards table and to a small
round table where Miller sit alone, sipping on a drink.

Larry sits beside Millers. Takes a sip from Miller's cup.
But Miller doesn't mind.

LARRY

He ain't one of em.

Miller says nothing. Sips.

LARRY

But follow him.

Miller nods.

LARRY

And our poker friends?

MILLER

They're still watching us. Mostly
Suspenders.

LARRY

They sayin' anything?

MILLER

Not that I can hear.

Larry takes another sip of Miller's drink.

Miller waits, then sips as well.

Leaves the table.

Larry sits alone. Stares heartily at the table. Feels the
gazes beating upon his back.

(CONTINUED)

Reaches for the cup. Puts it to his mouth for another sip.
The cup is empty.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Barney downs a shot of tequila.

In the background men and women waltz casually.

Cheers erupt from his immediate vicinity.

Surrounded by fellows and ladies, he smiles nervously.
Raises his fists in the air.

A woman tries to pull him away from the table.

BARNEY

Nah, I ain't tryna dance, madame.

She grows flustered. Then upset.

Dennis shoves him. Eggs him on.

BARNEY

I ain't doin' it. Drop it!

The cheers dissipate into silence.

A long, awkward beat.

Dennis downs a shot.

Cheers erupt once again.

Dennis refills the shot glass with tequila. Presents it to
the woman by his side. She wards it off, pretending to be
more tipsy than she is.

Dennis presents the glass to the man beside her. He is
drunk.

The drunken man takes it gladly. Downs it with ease.

Cheers erupt.

DENNIS

This man's a tank!

Drunken man pounds his chest. Gentle classical music
provides his backdrop.

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS

Tarzan!

The crowd explodes in laughter. A drink spills as limbs shift about the table.

BARNEY

Old Tarzan here's gonna get us all kicked out.

Barney laughs.

Everyone else laughs.

TARZAN

They can't...can't kick me out!

DENNIS

How do you figure?

Tarzan does not hear him. He is too drunk. Attempts to pour himself another drink. A woman stops him.

BARNEY

Let the man drink. C'mon. We're all...we're all adults here. Right?

TARZAN

This guy knows!...Barney! My man!

Dennis leans over to Barney. Whispers something in his ear before turning to Tarzan.

DENNIS

Tarzan you're gonna need to save some for the birthday boy.

Tarzan laughs. Stumbles over a few words.

TARZAN

There's plenty...of liquor...and alcohol...and...

A WOMAN chimes in.

WOMAN

Control your friend. He'll get us all kicked out.

BARNEY

(whispering)
I don't even know this guy.

(CONTINUED)

In his drunken stupor, Tarzan creates a commotion, his drunken yelling providing dissonance to the calm chords of Tchaikovsky.

A BOUNCER approaches the group.

The group quickly sobers up.

BOUNCER

I'm gonna have to ask him to leave.

Points to Tarzan, who doesn't notice the bouncer is there.

WOMAN

I'm so sorry. We're sorry. We'll take care of it. We promise. I'm so sorry.

BOUNCER

Move him, or I will.

Dennis volunteers. Heads over to Tarzan.

DENNIS

(to Tarzan)

Let's go.

INT. BATHROOM 2 - DAY

Dennis stands against the wall. Waiting.

The sound of VOMITING erupts from one of the stalls.

Dennis does not hear it.

He taps his foot against the white floors. Examines the pristine beauty of the restroom.

Barney enters. Calm, collected. He looks to Dennis and points to the stall.

Dennis nods.

Barney nods.

Tarzan exits the stall, haggard and worn, to see Dennis and Barney.

Barney greets him with excitement.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

Hey! Tarzan! My boy!

Tarzan is riled up with excitement. Rushes to Barney with arms out, ready for embrace.

Barney is all smiles. Reaches into his jacket pocket.

Tarzan embraces Barney. Squeezes him tightly with both arms. Warmth and affection.

Barney only embraces him with one arm. The other arm is busy.

The slightest PEEP is heard, before Tarzan sags in Barney's arm.

BARNEY

I'm so glad you're okay. I was worried about you for a second. You got carried away out there.

Barney holds Tarzan up by one arm.

BARNEY

I'm glad yo see you're alright.

Tarzan's eyes begin to roll to the back of his head. Blood trickles from his mouth. His legs give way.

Barney sets him down easy. Then stuffs the minuscule pistol back in his jacket.

There is a small hole in Tarzan's white shirt. It is colored with blood.

Barney turns to Dennis, who watches with disinterest. Some disappointment mixed in.

BARNEY

I shoul'da waited till he shot me first?

Dennis shakes his head.

DENNIS

We gotta clean this shit up.

Barney heads towards the bathroom door.

BARNEY

Be right back.

Barney exits.

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS
(mumbling to himself)
Don't worry. I'll clean up your
trash.

Dennis crouches down and checks up and down Tarzan's dead
body. Checks his jacket, his pockets. Nothing of interest.
And certainly no gun.

He shakes his head. Disappointed.

INT. JOEY'S MANSION - BAR - DAY

Country music plays. Still.

No one wants to dance.

Blind Mike and Wood sit at the bar. Empty glasses in front
of them.

BLIND MIKE
I'm sorry.

WOOD
Not your fault.

A beat.

BLIND MIKE
We'll find another.

WOOD
Women oughtta wear rings if they're
married.

BLIND MIKE
Yea-

WOOD
Don't you agree?

BLIND MIKE
Yes-

WOOD
It's like, why would you be too
ashamed to wear your ring, but not
too ashamed to tell me you're
married?

Blind Mike waits this time to make sure Wood is finished.

Wood is finished.

(CONTINUED)

BLIND MIKE

Don't take this the wrong way but
maybe she was using it as a cover.

WOOD

Don't do this, Mike...

BLIND MIKE

No, don't get me wrong. She
probably took the spilled drink
thing harder than we imagined. But
was she pretty?

Wood shakes his head in disappointment. Readjusts his cowboy hat and regains his composure. Wipes a stain from the side of Blind Mike's mouth.

BLIND MIKE

Thanks.

CLICK!

Wood looks down to his torso. A gun is held to it by a foreign hand.

Wood follows that hand up to the arm, up to a face. Curly, sitting beside him.

CURLY

You might wanna check your tux
there, Cowboy.

Wood's eyes look to his tux. The mouth of his pistol sticks out.

He doesn't bother to adjust it.

WOOD

And you are...?

Curly laughs.

CURLY

That line ain't work on that dumb
broad. What makes you think it'll
work on me?

Wood reaches for his pistol.

Curly forces his gun against Wood's torso, reminding him it's there.

Wood returns his hands to the bar counter.

(CONTINUED)

Blind Mike's hand is in his tux as well. But Curly knows.

CURLY
Tell your friend.

WOOD
Easy, Mike.

Blind Mike eases his hand away from his coat.

WOOD
Right here, you sicko? Front of all
these people?

Curly laughs again. Grabs the bartenders attention with a loud whistle.

The BARTENDER approaches him.

CURLY
(gesturing at Wood)
Margarita for this douchebag.

Bartender nods.

CURLY
And Mojito for his faggot friend.

BARTENDER
And you?

CURLY
Dirty Martini.

Bartender nods. Heads off to prepare the drinks.

Curly turns back to Wood with a smile.

CURLY
Sorry about that. Saw your empty
glasses, thought I'd help out.

Wood is growing impatient.

CURLY
I want to see both of you with your
hands on the table. Both hands.

Wood and Blind Mike oblige.

WOOD
What's this all about? What do you
want from us?

(CONTINUED)

Curly laughs again.

It's starting to wear on Wood.

CURLY

Needless to say, I been watchin'
you two for some time now. Couple
of amateurs.

The words stir Wood's emotions.

CURLY

Just thought I'd get to know you
two a bit more. Wannabes always
have the most interesting stories.

WOOD

Ain't got shit to say to you.

Wood feels the gun poke his torso.

WOOD

My mom's a dentist and my dad's a
drug dealer.

Wood feels another poke.

CURLY

Don't get smart. Now's not the
time, John Wayne. This ain't one of
your rodeos.

Wood does not respond.

WOOD

I grew up in Atlanta. Moved to New
Jersey when I was 10.

CURLY

Let me help you out.

Curly reaches into his pocket and draws a bloody
handkerchief.

CURLY

This belonged to a dead man in the
bathroom right above us. Now I know
it ain't had nothin' to do with you
two clowns. This was the work of a
professional.

WOOD

So why ask us?

CURLY

Let me finish! Like I was sayin', this was found on said dead body. Now what I'd like from you all is just a little bit of honesty. I just wanna know if you're after Joey, or after the folks who are after Joey. Don't lie to me.

Wood does not respond.

Blind Mike does not respond.

CURLY

Okay. Okay, I see how it's gotta be. I understand. See, I'm bein' nice, by askin'. Rather than jus' puttin' you down right here and now. It's people out there much crueller than I am.

No response.

CURLY

They're all right here. In this little ol' house at this little ol' party.

WOOD

(sarcastically)

That so?

CURLY

All I'm tryna do is protect myself. Form an alliance. If we on the same side, good. If we're not. Well...

WOOD

And what side are you on?

Curly smiles. Pokes Wood in the torso with the gun again.

CURLY

I believe you're at my mercy. Not the other way around.

BLIND MIKE

Don't say nothin', Wood.

CURLY

You got a mouth on you.

Bartender returns with the drinks. Serves them.

CURLY

Tell you boys what, you think on it. When you're ready, I'll find you. We talk then.

Curly grabs his drink. Cheers to himself. Downs it.

He pushes the gun back into his jacket and slips away and up the stairs.

Wood looks to Blind Mike.

BLIND MIKE

Stay here?

Wood thinks on it.

WOOD

I ain't one to be bullied, Mike. You know it.

The Bartender returns with the drinks. Distributes them.

BARTENDER

Where'd the other one go?

WOOD

I'll take his.

And he does.

INT. JOEY'S MANSION - STRIP CLUB - DAY

The stage is now empty, decorated only by red glows.

By the stage, at a table, sits Lief, Chambers and Phillip.

Phillip packs up his laptop and stuffs it in his briefcase.

LIEF

Quite the show.

CHAMBERS

Indeed it was.

Chambers looks over to Phillip.

(CONTINUED)

CHAMBERS

We spoil you.

Phillip says not a word.

The other viewers that populate the room prepare to exit, shifting their chairs out from under them and grabbing their coats.

LIEF

Phillip. I want you to get your camera.

Phillip leans towards Lief.

LIEF

Did you bring it?

Phillip nods and draws his camera from his pocket.

LIEF

Good. Your camera and your notepad. Take down the names of these individuals leaving.

PHILLIP

Yes, sir.

LIEF

They won't all give you their names. I'm sure you know that.

Lief pauses for a response. None.

LIEF

I'm sure you know that.

PHILLIP

Oh...yes, sir.

LIEF

For those that don't, I want to see their picture.

PHILLIP

Yes, sir. But...how do I do this without letting on? Isn't it a bit suspicious? Don't you think?

CHAMBERS

Just find a way. And hurry before they're all gone. I want every name. Every picture.

(CONTINUED)

LIEF

Every one. No excuses, please.

Phillip nods. Packs his things and rushes to the doorway.

Lief and Chambers watch the individuals pace out the door. Some walking right past Phillip. Others stopping and exchanging words with him. Phillip takes a picture of all of them, though some block their faces.

When the last one exits, Phillip returns to the table with Chamber and Lief.

Phillip pulls out his laptop. Plugs the camera into the computer.

PHILLIP

I was able to get most -

Chambers shushes him.

CHAMBERS

Don't be a fool.

LIEF

We have a fellow or two lingering.

Lief points subtly towards another table.

A man with his head down, appearing to be asleep.

LIEF

Pack up. We'll find privacy.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Steam blasts Rehman's face.

Rehman is unaffected. Stoic.

He drops a lobster into a pot of boiling water. Listens to the squealing.

The pitch grows higher into a sharp whistle.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

It's dark.

Rehman opens the door, allowing a glimmer of light. It reveals a dead body wrapped in towels from chest to waist. The face has no eyes. Only red holes where they should be.

(CONTINUED)

There is also a mop and assorted cleaning supplies.

Rehman enters the cramped closet. Grabs the mop and a bucket. Changes into an usher's tux.

Exits the closet. Shuts the door.

The sound of the door locking can be heard.

INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Rehman pushes the bucket along.

He glances over the railings to the scene below him. Utter joy.

The classical music reaches his ears from below.

However, Van Rous's immobile body stands out from the felicitous commotion. He goes unbothered, however. Too distanced from the ballroom floor.

Rehman encroaches upon a conversation between SCOTT PRITCHARD(50s) and ROMAN SMITH(50s). The former being the party's host, the latter the party's supervisor.

SCOTT

We have plenty. Time won't permit.

ROMAN

Quick headcount shows around 400 guests. We don't have enough. Let me make a quick run, and we'll solve that problem. Easy.

Scott shakes his head "no". Notices Rehman's presence.

SCOTT

Can I help you?

REHMAN

My shift is over. In the kitchen.

SCOTT

Okay. Okay. Which one are you?

REHMAN

Rehman. Chef.

ROMAN

The curry lobster was fantastic. The guests are loving it. Prepare

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN (cont'd)
enough for the dinner though. My
brother's a huge seafood fan.

SCOTT
(at Rehman)
I'm sorry, this is Roman. Joey's
older brother.

Roman offers his hand.

Rehman shakes it.

SCOTT
Report to your supervisor, Rehman.

He squints at Rehman's nametag.

SCOTT
Is that how you spell it? Quite
confusing.

Rehman says nothing.

SCOTT
Anyways, you report to your
supervisor. He'll get you your
payment.

Notices Rehman's mop.

SCOTT
Why the mop?

REHMAN
I'd like to clean. The rooms. All
of them.

Scott smirks. Doesn't bother to hide his rudeness.

SCOTT
Tell you what, we have a shortage,
right now, of alcohol. If you'd go
with one of my drivers to pick some
up...

ROMAN
He's Indian. It's against his
religion.

SCOTT
Oh I'm sorry, Mr. Rehman.

ROMAN

What you need him to go for
anyways? The drivers got money.
They can get it themselves.

SCOTT

Don't trust those drivers. Joey
shoulda been here by now.

Scott remembers Rehman is still there.

SCOTT

(at Rehman)

Oh. Okay. Cleaning supervisor is
uh...is uh...

ROMAN

Peter. Peter I think.

SCOTT

(at Rehman)

Find Peter. He'll tell you what to
do.

Rehman nods.

A beat.

SCOTT

How'd you get into the storage
closet anyways?

But Rehman is gone.

Roman shrugs.

INT. BRIGHT BEDROOM - CLOSET - DAY

Travis, Percy, Lincoln, and Frank. Crammed in the closet
again.

TRAVIS

This shit ain't adding up.

PERCY

You tellin' me?

FRANK

He's tellin' all of us.

(CONTINUED)

PERCY

That's not what I meant.

TRAVIS

Focus!

PERCY

Alright, talk then.

TRAVIS

Why would Silva put a hit on a multi-millionaire. One who knows him?

PERCY

You don't even know who the fuck Silva is so...why would you understand?

FRANK

He's got a point.

TRAVIS

Fuck this.

Travis kicks the door open.

INT. BRIGHT BEDROOM - DAY

Travis and his comrades surround Ricardo once more.

RICARDO

What have you produced this time?

TRAVIS

Silva, an assassin, putting a hit on a millionaire? Somethin' ain't right about your story.

RICARDO

What's so crazy?

TRAVIS

He knows him.

RICARDO

To say the least. He was invited to the party.

FRANK

You sick fuck. You sayin' this fuckhead invited a killer, his own killer, to his birthday party?

(CONTINUED)

RICARDO
I didn't say that.

FRANK
The fuck's the matter wit you? You just. Fucking. Said that. Fuck.

PERCY
(at Frank)
You curse too much. You know that? I ain't even playin' wit you.

FRANK
Shut the fuck up.

TRAVIS
Both of you shut the fuck up.

Lincoln shakes his head in disappointment.

FRANK
(at Lincoln)
You can shut the fuck up too.

RICARDO
I never said that.

FRANK
What?

RICARDO
You filled in the blanks yourself. I simply stated that he was invited. Nothing said of who invited him.

PERCY
Playin' 21 questions with us. Classic.

RICARDO
To spare you the misery of asking politely, I'll go ahead and say one of Joey's brothers invited him.

The party squints in confusion.

RICARDO
And to spare you the misery of asking which brother, I don't know which.

Travis laughs a bit before speaking. Tries to gather his thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

His own brother...puts a hit on him?

RICARDO

No. His brother hires Silva. Silva hires you fucks. Don't wanna dirty his hands, I guess.

PERCY

We ain't said shit about being hired.

FRANK

(in jest)

"Oh, Frank, please stop cursing."

Percy glares at Frank.

RICARDO

Any reason I'm tied up like this?

PERCY

You killed a dude in the bathroom.

RICARDO

You saw me do that?

PERCY

We seen enough to be suspicious.

RICARDO

If not for Silva, who do you work for?

TRAVIS

We aren't at your mercy. You're at ours.

Ricardo looks Travis in the eyes.

RICARDO

Is that so?

FRANK

It is.

Frank draws a gun and puts it to Ricardo's head.

TRAVIS

You know an awful lot, Ricardo. And I dunno if I quite like it.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Who the fuck are you anyways?

Ricardo looks at Frank, then to Travis.

Travis draws his gun, puts the tip to Ricardo's temple.

Percy puts his gun to the back of Ricardo's head.

Lincoln puts his to Ricardo's other temple.

Ricardo breathes to gather his thoughts.

RICARDO

If I told you...you'd kill me.

INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

Cigarette smoke fills the darkened atmosphere.

The poker table is lively. Laughs. Hoots. Hollers. Groans mix in.

A FAT MAN(40s) tosses two cards on the table at once.

FAT MAN

21 for the third time now!

The DEALER(50s) shakes his head. Pops a cigar in his mouth.

A MAN IN SUSPENDERS(40s) sighs and reaches for his wallet. Opens it and sighs again. Harder this time.

SUSPENDERS

Bankrolls runnin' thin.

FAT MAN

My apologies, good sir.

Suspenders looks over to notice Larry approaching. Miller right behind him.

Larry seats himself across the table from Suspenders.

Miller sits by Larry.

Awkward silence as the gamblers pause, as if frozen in time.

The dealer stops puffing on his cigar.

Larry surveys the table. Suspenders, Fat man, BEARDED MAN(60), SKINNY MAN(60).

(CONTINUED)

LARRY
Gentlemen.

The others don't greet.

Larry maintains steady eye contact with Suspenders.

LARRY
Name's Larry.

He gestures at Miller.

LARRY
This Miller.

The dealer nods at them.

DEALER
What's yall boys' bankrolls lookin'
like?

LARRY
We're good for it.

Larry winks reassuringly.

Dealer turns back to the cards, half convinced.

LARRY
I'm sorry, I didn't quite get
y'all's names.

FAT MAN
Fuck the Red Sox. Fuck the Yankees.
Fuck the Celtics. Fuck the
Patriots.

Fat man observes for a reaction from Larry or Miller.

Nothing. Larry just stares in confusion. Miller pays no mind.

A long, awkward beat. Prolonged eye contact.

Fat man works up a giggle. It evolves into a snicker. Then into a laugh. Then a howling.

FAT MAN
You boys is alright. It's them
northern boys I can't stand.

Larry smiles.

Miller does not.

FAT MAN
Get on in. This is Sonny Jamison.

Fat man puts his hand on Suspenders's shoulder.

FAT MAN
And those two over there is my
brothers. Purdy and Precious. They
just turned 60. Twins.

He laughs.

FAT MAN
But one of ems got cancer.

Laughs again.

FAT MAN
That's how I tell em apart.

Howls.

Precious takes his hat off, shows his bald head. His mood
deflates instantly when he puts the hat back on.

Purdy says nothing.

FAT MAN
And you can just call me Petey. We
Joey's cousins.

LARRY
That so? So what, y'all like
royalty.

Petey explodes in laughter.

PETEY
Might as well be. Just hit 21 three
in a row!

LARRY
Ain't that -

SONNY
I figure it's a reason why you
chose this table in particular.
'Stead of all the others. Larry.

Larry looks at him, careful not to show malice in his glare.

Dealer watches them both as he shuffles the deck. The
tension bothers him.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY
I suppose it is.

INT. 3RD STORY HALLWAY - DAY

Dennis and Barney march through.

Dennis is at Barney's ear.

DENNIS
He ain't had no gun, Barney. Ain't
had no gun. No gun. Nothing,
Barney. No fucking gun.

BARNEY
I hear ya. I hear ya. Relax.

Barney listens, but only partially. He glances from left to right as they move.

DENNIS
No. No you're not hearing me. We
can't just go around -

An usher walks by. Dennis gets quiet very quickly. He waits for the usher to pass.

The usher passes.

DENNIS
(loud whisper)
You're fucking up, Barney.

BARNEY
Alright. I'm sorry. I ain't
noticed. I figured he'd get me
first.

DENNIS
What? I told you to find out what
he knew.

BARNEY
Wasn't gonna happen. He got too
drunk.

Dennis shakes his head. He can't get through to Barney.

DENNIS
Too drunk? Too drunk?!

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

Lighten up. You took care of the body.

Dennis sighs.

BARNEY

You took care of it, didn't you?

Dennis rolls his eyes.

Barney stops in front of a door. A sound catches his attention. He edges closer to the door. Puts his ear to it.

DENNIS

Barney, come on. What are you doing?

Barney shushes him.

DENNIS

Chris, Barney. Let's go.

BARNEY

(whisper)

I think it's people in here.

DENNIS

So what?

Barney shushes him again. Goes back to listening.

Dennis drags himself to the door. Puts his ear to it.

DENNIS

I don't hear shit.

Barney shushes him.

Barney turns the knob. Opens the door.

INT. BRIGHT BEDROOM - DAY

Barney and Dennis bust in.

Lincoln, Percy, Travis, and Frank. And Ricardo.

BARNEY

What the fuck?

Travis quickly draws his weapon, aims at Barney.

Frank aims at Barney.

(CONTINUED)

Lincoln aims at Dennis.

Percy aims at Barney.

EVERYONE
Whoa whoa whoa...!

A long beat.

BARNEY
Let's all calm down...

Barney creeps back towards the door.

Dennis as well.

BARNEY
Let's all -

He rams back out the door, Dennis following behind him.

The door shuts.

A long beat. Utter silence. No one moves.

Percy turns to Frank, Travis and Lincoln.

PERCY
Y'all ain't lock the fuckin' door?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Barney and Dennis continue down the hallway. Their faces pale.

Barney has trouble breathing.

BARNEY
Ho-ly...shit.

DENNIS
That shit was most certainly holy.

A beat.

BARNEY
I need a drink.

INT. JOEY'S MANSION - BAR - DAY

Barney and Dennis enter as though the music will stop for them.

It does not. 50's music blasts against the walls.

They make their way to the bar. Squeeze through a surprising number of dancing bodies.

The air is thick and humid with sweat. It is hot. Barney is already sweating.

They seat themselves at the bar.

DENNIS

It's like roaches.

BARNEY

What you don't like to dance?

DENNIS

I hate bars. Filthy. Disgusting.
Look at them.

Sweaty bodies on the dance floor grooving to the beat. The energy is riotous.

BARNEY

None of these clowns is after Joey.
Or after us. That's for sure.

The bartender approaches them.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

BARNEY

I just want a beer.

BARTENDER

Simple man. I like it.

Barney laughs. Too hard.

DENNIS

I'll take what he's having.

Bartender nods and heads off.

DENNIS

(to Barney)

We get our drinks and leave.

(CONTINUED)

Barney's eyes are locked on something in the distance:

A NERVOUS MAN stands lonely in a corner. Tries to vibe to the music but is clearly not a dancer. Instead nods awkwardly by himself.

BARNEY

Yeah...

He's not listening to Dennis.

DENNIS

We don't know when Joey's arriving.
So we gotta be ready. All times.
Think Han Solo. Always ready.
Always a step ahead. That's gotta
be us. We gotta be Han Solo.
Like...Han Duo.

Barney is not listening. Eyes still on the nervous man in the corner.

DENNIS

Barney! You listening?

BARNEY

Yeah...yeah I gotta tinkle. I'll be
right back.

Dennis groans as Barney rushes from his seat. He watches Barney trail off, weaving his way through the crowd. He watches Barney talk to the nervous man in the corner. He watches them laugh. He turns around, gets another drink.

Turns back to the corner where Barney and the other man were.

They are no longer there.

Dennis chugs his beer.

INT. BAR - BATHROOM

Barney enters with the nervous man from the corner.

The bathroom is packed. Littered with people waiting to use the urinals.

Barney is annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

We can't talk here. I got some other place.

Nervous man nods reluctantly.

Nervous man exits. Barney follows.

Blind Mike washes his hands. Exits behind the other two.

INT. JOEY'S MANSION - BAR - DAY

Barney returns to the bar. Grabs his beer and chugs.

Dennis waits for Barney to finish.

Barney is finished.

BARNEY

What?

DENNIS

What was that about?

BARNEY

I had to piss. So what?

DENNIS

You needed a pissing buddy?

BARNEY

Come on. He was just some guy who had to pee too.

Barney's attention is diverted to Blind Mike who also seats himself at the bar, albeit a few spaces down.

BARNEY

I don't like bein' followed.

DENNIS

Ain't no one followin' you.

BARNEY

I seen him in the bathroom. And now he's right here.

DENNIS

Barney -

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

And look he's wearing fuckin' shades. Inside.

DENNIS

Barney -

BARNEY

You know what, you're right. I'll relax. I'll be cool.

Dennis chugs another beer.

DENNIS

Shit, now I gotta tinkle.

Dennis hops from his seat. Moves towards the bathroom.

Barney watches him disappear into the bathroom.

Barney quickly slips back towards the nervous man, who is nodding by himself in the same corner as before.

Barney approaches him. The two exchange words. Barney nodding and laughing. Nervous man loosening up and doing the same.

INT. JOEY'S MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

The room is untouched and unoccupied. Prepared nicely for accommodation.

Barney and nervous man's voices can be heard from just outside the door.

BARNEY(O.S.)

Yeah. She's here. It took a lotta convincin' but you know how these women are.

NERVOUS MAN(O.S.)

Thank you so much.

BARNEY(O.S.)

Yeah yeah. Get in their and fuck her brains out.

Barney laughs heartily.

Nervous man opens the door slowly, peaking in. He sees no one.

(CONTINUED)

NERVOUS MAN

What -

Barney shoves him in and shuts the door. Locks it.

Nervous man gets up, confused and upset.

NERVOUS MAN

What -

Barney pulls out his pistol, puts three silent rounds into nervous man's body.

Nervous man crashes to the floor. Hard.

Barney stands over him. Puts another in his cranium.

BARNEY

Fuckhead. Think I'm fuckin' stupid?
I'll get all you little sneaky
fucks.

Puts another two rounds into him.

BARNEY

Think you're watching me?

Another round.

BARNEY

I'm watching you.

Pulls the trigger. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Time to reload.

He does. Hastily. Cursing.

Puts another three rounds into the body.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Blind Mike exits the bar. Shuts the door. Starts down the hallways, slowly and carefully.

Barney emerges from a room. Hands bloody. He sees Blind Mike. He wipes his hands in his pockets.

Blind Mike turns to Barney, briefly.

Barney looks down at his bloody hands. Freezes.

Blind Mike continues down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

Hey! Wait!

Barney catches up to Blind Mike.

BLIND MIKE

Hm?

Blind Mike stops.

BARNEY

Hey, man. I had seen you earlier.
At the bar.

Blind Mike does not recall.

BLIND MIKE

You sure?

BARNEY

Yeah! Yeah. What's your name?

Barney is bubbly and gregarious. All smiles.

BLIND MIKE

Mike. Yours?

BARNEY

Barney. Like Fred Flinstone's
friend.

Barney laughs. Very hard.

BLIND MIKE

Nice to meet you, Barney.

The delivery is painfully formal. Blind Mike attempts to
continue on his way, but Barney won't let him.

BARNEY

Say what do you think of this idea?

Blind Mike listens. He remains apprehensive.

BARNEY

I buy you as many drinks as you
want, and you tell me where you got
those shades.

Blind Mike giggles.

BLIND MIKE

Well-

DENNIS(O.S.)

Barney!

Barney groans.

Dennis approaches from OS. He directs his glare at Barney.

DENNIS

What you doin' runnin' off?

BLIND MIKE

I'll go now.

BARNEY

No wait...

DENNIS

(at Blind Mike)

Go on!

Blind Mike goes on.

DENNIS

What the fuck, Barney? How you just gonna leave me back there? And you're back to this shit again?

BARNEY

Pour it on me, Dennis.

Dennis does not do that. Let's his eyes do the talking.

BARNEY

C'mon...

Nothing from Dennis.

BARNEY

You're careless, Dennis.

DENNIS

You're too careful.

BARNEY

I don't make the same mistake twice. I think ahead. Han Solo. Remember.

Dennis says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY
Fine. We find Lily and her
douchebag husband. Luke?

DENNIS
Luke.

BARNEY
And we talk to them.

DENNIS
And that is all.

Barney smirks.

BARNEY
And that is all.

Barney wipes the remaining blood on his hands in his
pockets.

INT. 2ND STORY HALLWAY - DAY

A crowd forms. A string of attendants lean over the railing,
watching the show below. Wood amongst them.

Scott addresses the crowd.

SCOTT
We will give the cue. We'll all
make our way over to the dining
room. That way.

Scott points.

SCOTT
And we'll be as quiet as we can...

Wood moves further down the hallway.

He notices Blind Mike wandering.

WOOD
Mike!

Blind Mike turns to him.

BLIND MIKE
Wood.

The two approach one another.

(CONTINUED)

WOOD
He wasn't there?

BLIND MIKE
No. You didn't find him either?

WOOD
No.

BLIND MIKE
But I had seen someone on the way.

WOOD
Who?

BLIND MIKE
He says his name is Barney. I say
you check him out. Watch him, find
out what he's up to.

WOOD
Where is he?

BLIND MIKE
Last seen him downstairs in the
hall. But don't know where he'd be
right now.

WOOD
I'll give downstairs a quick
once-over. Keep listenin' out for
the other douchebag.

BLIND MIKE
My ears are open.

Wood nods.

WOOD
We ain't gettin' paid for this
shit.

The men part ways.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Phillip sits at a desk. Flips through images on his laptop
as Lief and Chambers stand behind him, squinting at the
monitor.

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP

This guy, didn't get his name. But got his picture.

He flips through assorted photos of faces.

CHAMBERS

You've done alright.

Phillip blushes.

LIEF

How did you manage?

PHILLIP

Manage what?

LIEF

The names. How'd you manage to get these names? And the photos too...

PHILLIP

I told them it was for a contest. They had a chance to win a grandprize jackpot of 12 million dollars. Given by none other than Joey.

LIEF

Very good. Money can drive a man to slay his own brother.

Phillip points at a particular picture. Curly's face.

LIEF

This one. Wouldn't tell me his name either. But he did smile for the picture.

CHAMBERS

Mark him.

Phillip nods. Take note. Flips to another face. Random old male.

PHILLIP

Got this guy's name but it took a lot of convincing. Don't know if he's telling the truth.

CHAMBERS

Mark him.

Phillip marks him.

That was the last photo.

PHILLIP

So is the list final?

LIEF

No. No, it's never final. We'll use our own discretion when it is due.

CHAMBERS

And so we begin the hunt.

They pack their things and exit the room.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

The waltzing goes on.

Rehman mops the floors in the hallway.

He glances at the ballroom every now and then.

Mops around a corner. Edges closer to the ballroom. But no one notices him.

Curly finds him.

CURLY

That's him.

Curly points at Van Rous from a distance.

Rehman turns to Curly then to Van Rous.

REHMAN

Check him.

CURLY

This one looks like a professional.

REHMAN

Check him.

Curly sighs. Moves across the room. Towards Van Rous. Rehman watches.

Rehman turns away and continues mopping.

A moment or two.

Curly returns. Shocked. Pleasantly so.

(CONTINUED)

CURLY
He's dead.

Rehman acknowledges with a nod.

CURLY
Dead. Right fuckin' there. In the
open for everyone to see. And ain't
nobody noticed.

Rehman continues mopping.

CURLY
You knew didn't you?

REHMAN
It's because I killed him.

Curly holds his breath.

CURLY
Well shit.

Rehman mops. Curly observes.

INT. DARKER BEDROOM - DAY

Dank. Much like a storage room. A single bulb does all the
lighting.

Percy lies on the bed. Lincoln and Frank sit on opposite
sides of it.

Ricardo is tied to the desk chair.

The door creaks open as Travis enters. Shuts the door behind
him.

PERCY
Lock. The fucking. Door.

Travis locks the fucking door.

PERCY
Jesus...

TRAVIS
Now we got other problems.

RICARDO
Yes you do.

Frank shoots up and smacks Ricardo over the head.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

Anyone know who those idiots were?

Travis glances about the room.

All shrugs.

TRAVIS

Lincoln. Frank. You two search the 1st floor. Split up if you have to.

FRANK

We're not splittin' up.

PERCY

We can't do that. It's not safe.

TRAVIS

Okay. Fine. What do you want us to do?

RICARDO

Stay together.

Frank smacks Ricardo over the head.

FRANK

Fine. Me and Lincoln will check the 1st floor. We find the weasels, we kill them.

PERCY

You remember what they look like?

FRANK

Of course. How the fuck would we forget?

TRAVIS

One was short. A bit fat.

PERCY

Not too fat.

FRANK

Not too fat.

TRAVIS

Other was taller. More slender. They'll probably be together. But don't expect it.

(CONTINUED)

PERCY

We shoulda shot em when we had the chance.

FRANK

What about Ricky over here?

TRAVIS

Me and Percy will take care of him.

Lincoln rises, dusts himself down.

Frank starts towards the door.

FRANK

You two handle that. We'll take care of these two assholes.

Frank exits. Lincoln exits behind him.

Percy looks to Travis.

Travis looks to Ricardo.

PERCY

We gonna make him talk or what?

Travis looks to Percy.

TRAVIS

What he's saying is just nonsense at this point.

PERCY

How so?

TRAVIS

I just don't buy any of it.

PERCY

I kinda don't neither. But some things make sense.

TRAVIS

Others don't.

PERCY

Like what?

TRAVIS

You really think Silva knew Joey? Some random Mormon?

(CONTINUED)

PERCY

Random Mormon millionaire. And yes.
I do.

RICARDO

Smart man.

TRAVIS

(at Percy)

If what you said is true about
Silva and he's some serial killing
badass, why would he know Joey? A
businessman for all intents and
purposes. Joey ain't no stone cold
killer.

PERCY

Why is the sky blue? Why is grass
green? Why is blood red? These is
all questions we got no answers to.

Travis is confused.

TRAVIS

What? We have answers to all of
those questions. It's called
science.

Percy is not convinced.

PERCY

Maybe. Maybe not.

TRAVIS

Jesus Christ, Percy.

PERCY

All I'm tryna say is, just cause we
don't know somethin' don't mean it
can't be true.

TRAVIS

I'm not inclined to believe a guy
who tried to kill me. My apologies
for being hesitant.

Ricardo smirks.

TRAVIS

And Joey still ain't here?

(CONTINUED)

RICARDO

You wouldn't know, locking yourself
in this room, would you?

PERCY

No, I suppose we wouldn't.

TRAVIS

That's fine. We stay here.

INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

Larry's eyes glance about the table, cautiously.

All eyes on his.

To Petey's eyes.

Then Purdy's.

Then The Dealer's.

Back to Petey's.

Then Sonny's.

A long beat.

LARRY

21.

Larry tosses a pair of cards onto the table.

The table erupts in laughter and celebration. Everyone but
Sonny.

But Larry doesn't mind.

DEALER

Watch out, Petey. He's comin' for
you.

PETEY

I can see that. This man ain't no
amateur.

LARRY

Well...never have been.

Larry reassures Petey with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

PURDY

What say you we raise the wagers a bit? I need an even bet.

PETEY

Sounds well enough.

Dealer takes the cards and starts to shuffle. Keeps his eyes on the players.

PETEY

Mr. Larry. Tell me about yourself. Where you from? What's your favorite color? What do you do?

Sonny leans in.

Larry notices but doesn't show it.

MILLER

He's from Montana. I'm from Nevada.

PRECIOUS

That so? We got cousins from there.

PURDY

Like three of em.

LARRY

Small world, friend.

PETEY

Gettin' smaller everyday. Never know who's on your side or who's against you. Ain't that right?

Petey laughs.

Balding Man enters.

Everyone notices.

Balding Man seats himself at the gambling table. Next to Sonny. He's surprised to see Larry.

PETEY

(at Balding Man)

What of Van Rous? Where's the fucker at?

BALDING MAN

I...I didn't see him.

(CONTINUED)

PETEY

What?

Petey lights a cigarette. Takes a puff.

Balding Man shrugs.

PRECIOUS

You check the ballroom?

LARRY

Van Rous?

SONNY

(at Larry)

Don't worry about it.

PETEY

(at Larry)

Van Rous is a friend of ours.

PURDY

(at Balding Man)

I suggest you go find him.

BALDING MAN

I've checked everywhere.

PETEY

So he ditched us? Just walked on out?

SONNY

Check the bathrooms.

Balding Man nods.

PETEY

See if he's taking a shit.

Petey laughs, proud of his joke.

No one else laughs.

PURDY

If he's takin' a shit, let him shit.

PRECIOUS

I agree.

(CONTINUED)

PETEY

That's not what I'm sayin'. If a man gotta shit, let him shit. Sure. I'm sayin' this ain't the time to take a shit.

PRECIOUS

Why not? You gotta shit you gotta shit.

PURDY

Let the man shit.

PETEY

You better hold that shit. Joey'll be in any minute.

Sonny glares at Petey.

Larry notices.

PURDY

I dunno. I can't hold no shits.

LARRY

Neither can I.

Miller watches Sonny's reaction.

Sonny is not amused.

Everyone else is.

BALDING MAN

I'll go find him.

Balding Man departs from the table.

PRECIOUS

If he's shitting, let him shit.

PETEY

Jesus Christ, Presh. Let the joke go.

Precious lowers his head in shame.

LARRY

Man deserves some privacy.

PETEY

Not when you on the clock, you don't. You keep that shit - shutup, Precious - to a minimum.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

What's he gettin' paid to do?

PETEY

To watch. That's all.

LARRY

Y'all think he clocked out?

SONNY

What you so nosy about?

LARRY

Nothin', I'm just askin'.

PETEY

Relax, Sonny. He's just asking.

LARRY

Just tryin' to familiarize myself
with all this. New to me.

Dealer starts dealing each player their hands.

Purdy's eyes light up at his hand. He nudges Precious, who
is clearly disappointed with his hand.

Larry glances at his hand then lays it flat.

PETEY

Don't tell me you got 21 again.

Larry grins.

MILLER

21.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Balding Man washes his hands at the sink. Inspects the
bathroom a bit.

BALDING MAN

Van?

No response.

Balding Man is clearly alone.

BALDING MAN

Van Rous?

Again, no response.

(CONTINUED)

Balding Man begins to dry his hands.

The door opens.

Chambers and Lief enter. Phillip right behind them.

LIEF
Good evening.

Balding Man turns around, flustered.

A bullet goes through his forehead.

Balding Man collapses instantly.

Phillip takes a photo. Of the dead body, hole in the head.
And of the blood spatter against the wall. A familiar
pattern.

Lief and Chambers stand over the dead body. Lief puts the
pistol back into his jacket.

LIEF
Phillip.

PHILLIP
Yes?

CHAMBERS
"Yes, sir".

PHILLIP
My apologies. Yes, sir.

LIEF
Are you getting this?

CHAMBERS
Write this shit down, boy.

Phillip nods and begins to scribble on a notepad with great
urgency.

CHAMBERS
Don't rush. Write it good. Make
this shit detailed. Compelling.

Chambers bursts out coughing. His chest pounds vehemently.

He pauses and lets it die down. A few deep breaths.

LIEF

Breathe now. Breathe...

Chambers breathes. Deep. Then out.

CHAMBERS

Get that too, boy. Every fucking detail. And write it good.

LIEF

Like that one book.

PHILLIP

Which book?

LIEF

By that good fellow. What's his name?

CHAMBERS

Wells.

LIEF

Yes. Wells.

PHILLIP

What book?

LIEF

War for Both Worlds...I believe? My memory escapes me.

PHILLIP

War of the Worlds.

LIEF

That's the one!

CHAMBERS

Write it like that. I like that book. Very much.

Phillip scribbles.

PHILLIP

This is the next one.

Phillip shows his digital camera to Lief. A photo of Curly.

LIEF

Very well.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Blind Mike and Wood sit at a table, drinking.

Soft music melts them into their seats.

Lily passes by them with Luke and a handful of other guests.

LILY
They've started seating for the
dinner! Come on!

Wood watches them pass.

Lily stops at several other tables, chanting the same thing.
These groups more receptive to her plea.

BLIND MIKE
Should we...?

WOOD
Not yet, Mike. Our old friend
should be here soon.

BLIND MIKE
He's probably already in the dining
room.

Wood spots snot in Blind Mike's nose. Whips out a rag and
wipes it for him.

Curly approaches them. Wood sees him.

WOOD
He's probably already right here.

Wood points to Curly.

Curly's face can barely contain his grin.

Curly seats himself by Wood and Blind Mike.

CURLY
How you ladies doin'?

Wood says nothing.

Mike says nothing.

CURLY
I understand you're nervous. But
let me have it.

(CONTINUED)

WOOD
We thought.

CURLY
Good man.

A long beat as Curly waits anxiously.

BLIND MIKE
We're after Joey.

Curly glows.

CURLY
I think I'm startin' to warm up to
you two clowns.

Wood reaches to his pocket. Slowly. Steady.

CURLY
That's all I wanted to know. And I
figure, since you all were so open
to me, it's only right I'm the same
way with you.

Wood waits.

CURLY
I ain't part of all this. I'm just
a guy tryna make a quick buck. This
gun I got?

Shows them the gun.

CURLY
Don't even work. Got this off a
dead man. Ain't never worked a gun
in my life.

Curly pulls the trigger a few times. Nothing happens. It's
merely a replica.

CURLY
But come on! A pair of
professionals would know that.

Curly laughs at their expressions.

CURLY
But don't mind me. I'm harmless. I
just sell whatever I can find out.
If you're interested, we can talk.

Wood's glare turns down his offer.

CURLY

Don't let your pride fool you. You
two kids...

He glances at Wood and Mike.

CURLY

In way over your heads. Take it
from me. And if this a get rich
quick scheme...boy you got
somethin' else comin'.

He leans in real close to Wood.

CURLY

This ain't no game, boys. You're
fuckin' with real professionals
here. But you're young. You don't
understand. You got the
testosterone and you got the gun.
You think that's all you need.

BLIND MIKE

Enough.

CURLY

But you're young. It happens.
Unfortunately you two ain't had the
benefit of gettin' to know me
earlier. Coulda saved your lives.

A beat.

CURLY

You're in too deep now.

BARNEY(O.S.)

Mikey!

Wood and Blind Mike turn their attention to Barney who joins
them from OS.

BARNEY

Mikey! Didn't think I'd see you
here.

Heavy jazz comes up.

Blind Mike feels for Barney's hand. He shakes it.

BARNEY

And who's your friend?

(CONTINUED)

BLIND MIKE

This is Wood.

Wood shakes Barney's hand.

WOOD

You must be Barney. Heard all about you.

Barney is crippled by the statement. Stricken with a sudden confusion he doesn't bother to hide.

BARNEY

What do you mean you "heard all about me"?

WOOD

It's just an expression?

BARNEY

Oh...just an expression? I wouldn't know it, then. My mama never raised me to say that. My papa neither.

Wood is taken by surprise.

Curly is amused.

CURLY

You all not gonna introduce me?

No they will not.

CURLY

That's fine. I'll see you all in another life.

Curly dismisses himself from the table and the conversation.

WOOD

Don't mind him.

BARNEY

Don't worry, I'm not. I don't worry about people I don't know. I ain't nosy like that. You know?

Barney lets out fake laughter.

So does Wood.

So does Mike.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

They started seating for the...for the dinner. Joey's gonna be here soon, they say.

WOOD

We'll be there soon. Trying to soak in the mood here first.

Barney nods.

BARNEY

Yeah. Yeah. You two...you two do that. I'll be...at the dinner.

WOOD

Yeah. We'll see you there, Barney.

BARNEY

Nice to see you again, Mikey. We'll talk about those shades at the dinner, I guess. Lookin' forward to it.

BLIND MIKE

Sounds good.

BARNEY

Okay. I'm off then. You two take care.

Barney leaves.

No one moves. Not even a peep.

INT. GALLERY

A bright white room, strung wall to wall with exotic paintings. Each one bold in ambition.

Men and women standabout and enjoy idle chatter. Few are interested in the artistic display.

Lief stands and examines one in particular. A seascape. Dark colors.

Chambers examines another to his left.

Phillip approaches Lief from behind.

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP

Sir.

Lief does not hear him.

PHILLIP

Sir, I haven't seen him.

Lief still hasn't heard anything. He is engulfed in the seascape.

Phillip taps him on his shoulder, prompting Lief to turn to him.

PHILLIP

I didn't see him, Sir.

Lief looks at Phillip, but he is still trapped in the seascape. He wears it heavily in his eyes.

PHILLIP

Sir.

LIEF

I was drowning.

PHILLIP

Sir?

LIEF

Drowning. I was...drowning.

Phillip pats him in on his shoulder.

LIEF

I was drowning, Phillip. Why didn't you help me?

PHILLIP

You were just having another dream.

Lief awakens from the stupor.

LIEF

My my...I suppose you are right.

Phillip attempts to show Lief a photo on his camera.

LIEF

I suppose...you are right.

FRANK(O.S.)
A fucking museum? In his house?
This fuckin' guy. Jesus.

Frank enters. Lincoln behind him.

Frank trounces about like a hoodlum. No respect for the arts, nor the guests.

Lincoln treads carefully, however. As though the floor were sacred.

FRANK
Jesus Christ!

Frank gazes about the room, stupefied by its grandeur.

Frank's antics do not go unnoticed. They attract the attention of the other guests.

FRANK
Lincoln!

Lincoln prefers to pretend he doesn't know Frank.

But Frank is persistent.

FRANK
Lincoln! Come here! Look at this
shit!

Frank points to a painting of a volcano.

CHAMBERS
(at Frank)
Excuse me.

Frank looks at Chambers.

CHAMBERS
Shut the fuck up.

Uh Oh.

Frank's hand reaches to his jacket, almost by reflex.

Lincoln is quick to restrain him.

Lief turns to the excitement. He is amused to see Frank's blood boil.

Frank remains trembling. Absolutely livid.

Frank's hand reaches into his jacket again -

(CONTINUED)

USHER

Sir!

Frank's hand freezes in his jacket.

The crowd remains staring at him. They know what to expect.
A beat.

Frank pulls out a box of cigarettes.

A collective sight.

USHER

I'm going to have to ask you to
leave.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Frank stomps through the halls beside Lincoln, who makes no
effort to console him.

Lincoln knows it's futile.

Frank's tantrum frightens every passerby along the way.

FRANK

I don't take that shit from nobody!
Some old fuck!

Frank kicks in every door as he marches.

FRANK

Bring that bitch outside! Let him
talk like that then!

Kicks in another door.

Lincoln strolls along casually, as though Frank is not
there.

FRANK

(at Lincoln)

And you! You with your fuckin' vow
of silence bullshit. What the fuck
is that anyway? You think anyone
gives a shit? Cuz I dont.

Lincoln continues to stroll.

FRANK

Fuckin' vow of silence. What the
fuck is this? What are you some

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)
kinda priest or some shit? You kill
a couple of kids and now you're
Ghandi? Well you ain't shit! Fuck
your silence!

Lincoln continues to stroll.

Frank kicks in a closet door. Breaking the lock and everything.

Inside is a dead body, leaning casually against the wall. Wrapped in towels. Both eyes missing.

Frank jerks back and dry heaves.

FRANK
What the fuck?

His face is stricken with a mixture of fear, panic, and disgust. Mostly disgust. But enough of the other two to bother him.

Frank quickly shuts the door and tries to purge the image from his mind.

FRANK
Fuck.

Frank presses the door shut and hastes away.

A long, silent beat.

FRANK
I'm a little squeamish.

Lincoln looks to Frank. He smiles.

Frank is too ashamed to look back at Lincoln.

FRANK
Look, man. I...I'm sorry.

Lincoln looks away from Frank.

FRANK
I'm sorry I yelled...at you. I
didn't mean it.

The words reach Lincoln, but he tries not to show it.

FRANK

And when I said 'fuck your vow of silence', I didn't mean it. You be silent if you want.

Lincoln accepts the apology with a nod. But Frank doesn't see it.

FRANK

Shit, man. I'm just frustrated, is all. Startin' to think that fuckhead, Ricardo, is lyin' to us. I ain't seen no fuckin' Joey. And it's people droppin' like flies all around us.

Frank finally looks up at Lincoln.

FRANK

This don't feel at all right.

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Travis enters, sipping at his cup of coffee. His vision impaired by the blackness.

Flicks the lights on and his eyes widen.

Ricardo sits in his usual chair, in its usual place. His head dangles from his neck. A belt is tied around it.

Ricardo makes no sounds. Makes no movements.

Percy enters from the closet. Pauses as he locks eyes with Travis.

Travis's mouth is still agape. He gestures towards Ricardo.

Percy shrugs.

PERCY

He's been lying to us. You were right.

Travis tries to find the right words. He gestures towards Ricardo again.

PERCY

Just thought I'd do us both a favor.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

Did you have to kill him?

Percy shrugs.

TRAVIS

Jesus. I mean torture him or something -

PERCY

What I look like torturin' somebody? You do that shit.

TRAVIS

What? No. No. Fuck no.

PERCY

Then why you think I would?

TRAVIS

Because I had business to attend to.

PERCY

Oh, your coffee...

Travis gives a brief toast.

Percy shakes his head.

TRAVIS

My coffee has done us both more good than you could imagine.

PERCY

I don't suppose that coffee was gonna torture him.

TRAVIS

Hey! Enough with the torture already. He's dead. Obviously we can't do nothin' about it now.

Travis takes a seat on the bed.

Percy prefers to remain standing. His pants are a bit ill-fitting without his belt.

The two ponder the situation for a few moments longer.

PERCY

When's the dinner?

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

Why?

PERCY

I ain't ate since breakfast.

TRAVIS

I thought you missed breakfast.

PERCY

I did, didn't I?

TRAVIS

I dunno when the dinner is.

PERCY

Can we go find out?

TRAVIS

What about uh...

PERCY

Frank?

TRAVIS

No, the other one. Lincoln.

PERCY

Yeah, fuck Frank. But yeah ain't heard from Lincoln neither.

The two of them look to Ricardo.

Still dead.

Then back to each other.

TRAVIS

Jesus. I can't believe you did that. All by yourself too. I know I don't say this enough, but I'm proud of you, son.

PERCY

Shut the fuck up.

Travis laughs.

PERCY

You know what he told me?

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

What?

PERCY

You're supposed to guess. That's how these things work.

TRAVIS

He told you he was Joey's brother? I dunno.

PERCY

Nope.

A beat.

TRAVIS

I'm not guessing again.

PERCY

Fine, bitch. He told me, he said, he was a cop.

The words intrigue Travis.

TRAVIS

A cop?

PERCY

Five-oh.

TRAVIS

And then you killed him?

Percy nods.

TRAVIS

But he's not really...

Percy reaches into Ricardo's jacket pocket. Pulls out a badge. Looks to Travis.

Travis is still in disbelief.

PERCY

Heck of a lot more convincing than ours.

Percy pulls out his own "badge". A cheap imitation.

TRAVIS

So we killed an officer of the law?

Percy nods again.

(CONTINUED)

PERCY

The dude in the bathroom was his partner.

TRAVIS

He killed his own partner?

PERCY

Doubt it. Dude's guise musta just not worked out for him.

TRAVIS

Great. Just fucking great.

Travis kicks the wall and turns away. He runs his hands through his hair and exhales deeply.

PERCY

So I guess you take back what you said about being proud -

TRAVIS

Yes. I take it all back. I am not proud of you. At all.

Percy hangs his head.

TRAVIS

So I'm guessin' this is some type of police setup.

PERCY

It's what I figure.

TRAVIS

(whispering to himself)
There is no fucking Joey...

PERCY

We find Frank and Lincoln and get out.

Travis nods, though with traces of shock still lingering.

PERCY

But we eat first.

INT. GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Larry's face is half buried behind his cards.

He looks about the table.

All eyes on him.

Larry lays his cards on the table.

The table explodes in laughter.

Petey reaches over and pulls in a large percentage of Larry's chips.

PETEY

Oh, how the mighty have fallen.

He laughs again.

LARRY

So be it.

PETEY

Awww. Don't be bitter. When life hands you lemons...right?

Larry forces a smile.

LARRY

Nah. A shit hand's a shit hand.

The stage lights up, presenting an usher. He takes the mic, and gives it a few taps.

USHER

Excuse me.

The noise level dies down.

He has everyone's attention.

USHER

Seats are filling up for the dinner. If you would, please make your way over to seating. We will be starting in the next 15 minutes to half an hour. Thank you.

The usher steps off the stage. Makes his way out of the room.

A stream of guests follows behind him as the room empties.

(CONTINUED)

Miller pats Larry on the shoulder and departs with the crowd.

Larry remains with Petey and his bunch.

PETEY

Well look at that. Birthday Boy's gonna feel real special.

The dealer deals out cards for another round.

SONNY

(at Larry)

You're not going with your friend?

LARRY

Nah.

Larry looks at the stack of chips by Petey's hand.

LARRY

Gotta win my money back.

Petey laughs.

PETEY

I like this one. I really do.

PURDY

I like him too.

LARRY

I'm guessin' Joey's gonna be here soon?

PRECIOUS

Why you say that?

LARRY

I dunno. They're seating for the dinner...so I imagined...

SONNY

That don't mean nothin'.

LARRY

Oh?

PETEY

Joey was supposed to be here hours ago.

Petey checks his watch.

(CONTINUED)

PETEY

It's already dark out.

PURDY

They seatin' for the guests. That's all.

LARRY

Where is Joey?

PETEY

If we knew, we wouldn't be here.

Precious bangs his fist against the table.

PRECIOUS

God dammit.

He's looking at his cards.

PRECIOUS

I always get 20. It ain't no Aces in this deck.

PURDY

Hit me.

The dealer deals him a card.

PURDY

Bust.

Purdy drops his cards on the table.

LARRY

Hit me.

PETEY

Hit me.

SONNY

Hit me.

All three of them bust.

SONNY

(at Larry)

How you know Joey?

Larry freezes.

PETEY

Yeah I been wonderin' that myself.

Larry looks to Sonny.

Then to Petey.

LARRY

Friend of a friend. Never met Joey
in my life.

SONNY

That so?

LARRY

It is.

SONNY

Which friend? I might know him.

LARRY

You probably wouldn't.

SONNY

I probably would.

LARRY

I doubt it.

SONNY

I insist.

PETEY

Easy you two...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Barney struts on.

Blind Mike and Wood stalk him from a considerable distance.

Barney turns left.

A beat.

Wood and Blind Mike turn left.

Barney stops, greets a passerby.

Wood and Blind Mike stop.

Barney continues, makes his way into a room. Shuts the door
rather loudly. Doesn't bother to lock it.

(CONTINUED)

A beat.

Wood and Blind Mike approach the door.

Wood nods to Blind Mike.

The two force their way inside the room.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Empty.

Wood peruses the room. Shocked he can't find Barney.

BLIND MIKE
We need to leave.

Wood agrees.

But their retreat is too late.

The handle of a pistol cracks Wood over the back of his head. And then another over Blind Mike's head.

Barney stands over Blind Mike.

Dennis over Wood.

Both Barney and Wood are unconscious.

Barney aims his gun at Blind Mike's head. But he feels Dennis's stare weigh on him.

Barney withdraws his pistol. Pulls out a knife.

BARNEY
You talk too much, Mikey. That's
your problem. You talk too much.

Dennis rummages through Wood's clothing. Finds his gun.

DENNIS
What was that, Barney?

BARNEY
Nothin'. What'd you find?

Dennis tosses Barney Wood's gun.

Barney grins.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

So I was right.

Dennis whips out his own pistol. Aims it at Barney's skull.

Barney is at a loss for words.

DENNIS

Lily and Luke. Where are they?

BARNEY

What do you mean? Dennis...what is this?

DENNIS

Lily and fucking Luke! Where are they?

BARNEY

Come on. Dennis, you're crazy.

DENNIS

What did I tell you?

A beat.

DENNIS

What did I say?

BARNEY

What?

Dennis fires a shot at Barney's feet. Just misses.

BARNEY

Fuck! Dennis...what are you doing?

DENNIS

Did you kill them?

BARNEY

What?

DENNIS

Did. You. Kill. Them.

BARNEY

What?

Dennis fires another warning shot.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

No! Jesus, Dennis, we're buddies.
What are you...what are you
thinkin' right now? You're crazy.

DENNIS

We had a fucking plan, Barney. And
now you're fuckin' shit up. You got
people tailin' us and shit. You see
this shit?

Dennis aims his pistol at a still unconscious Wood.

BARNEY

Geez. Dennis. Come on. I didn't
kill no one.

DENNIS

What the fuck happened to thinkin'
ahead, Barney? Han Solo. Think
fuckin' ahead. Be smart. We're
professionals here.

BARNEY

Dennis, you don't gotta talk to me
with a gun. We're friends here.

DENNIS

No, Barney, we're not. We're
professionals. We're partners. Not
friends.

BARNEY

Dennis...c'mon...don't say that.

DENNIS

You're shit's getting us tailed.
Getting me tailed. You're putting
my life at risk, Barney. For
fucking nothing. Nothing.

Dennis's grip on the pistol tightens. He closes his eyes
tightly, as if trying to a tear,

But there is no tear to contain.

DENNIS

You fucked it up, Barney. Fucked it
all up.

Dennis opens his eyes. His bright white eyes.

Then they widen. The whiteness intensifies. Brighter.
Brighter. Then cracks of red.

(CONTINUED)

Dennis looks down at his stomach.

Red on white.

Shock colors his face.

Dennis touches the blood.

Then looks at Barney, who holds a pistol at his waist, half-concealed.

Dennis tries to smile but his heart won't permit.

He drops to the ground.

Barney digs his gun back into his jacket and walks over to Dennis.

He looks over him, somewhat sympathetic. But not entirely. Certainly not.

BARNEY

You seem to have forgotten. Han
Solo shoots first.

Barney shakes his head. Turns back to the unconscious Blind Mike.

Barney wipes the knife's blade on his trousers.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Pure elegance. Grand in size. Grander in composition. Littered with numerous circular tables, each containing an even more numerous number of guests.

Several entrances.

Idle chatter blends with smooth jazz.

Lief and Chambers nibble on a steaming slice of steak.

Phillip watches Lief and Chambers eat. Jots down what he sees.

LIEF

Magnificent.

CHAMBERS

Indeed.

Lief slides his plate over to Phillip.

(CONTINUED)

Phillip's eyes light up. He grabs a fork and aims at the slab of meat.

But Lief isn't having that. Swats the fork away.

LIEF

Just watch and listen, boy.

Phillip does as he is told.

LIEF

This here is Porterhouse steak.
With blue cheese.

Phillip nods.

LIEF

It's quite the delicacy.

PHILLIP

Okay.

LIEF

What's so fascinating is
that...it's cut from the spinal
column. Write this down now.

PHILLIP

Where?

CHAMBERS

You have plenty of paper. Do not
upset me.

LIEF

Now, listen, boy. They cut this
steak from the cow's vertebral
column. Do you know what that is?

PHILLIP

Yes, of course.

LIEF

Good. So they cut it from the
vertebral column. And in that
vertebral column is the spine.
So...they must remove the spine
before cooking it.

CHAMBERS

Is that so?

LIEF
Isn't that fascinating?

Lief admires the steak.

PHILLIP
I suppose...?

LIEF
That a cow...an animal can have
what so many human beings do not.
Perhaps that's why we desire this
delicacy so much.

Phillip looks around, confused.

CHAMBERS
A spine.

LIEF
But then again, if we did have
spines, what's to stop others from
feeding on it?

Chambers's attention trails off elsewhere as he notices
Frank enter the room.

CHAMBERS
(whispering to himself)
This fuck again.

Lief looks at Chambers.

LIEF
What's that?

CHAMBERS
Look.

Frank wanders about, as though looking for someone or
something.

Lincoln, however, proceeds directly to a table, seating only
two individuals: Lily and Luke.

Lincoln pulls out a chair. Pauses. Looks at Luke. Luke says
nothing.

LILY
Sure, go ahead.

Lincoln smiles and seats himself.

(CONTINUED)

LILY

Hi, what's your name? I'm Lily. And this is my husband, Luke.

LUKE

I am your father.

Lily laughs at the joke. But no one else does.

LILY

I'm sorry. Really, I am. He actually doesn't get that much at all.

Lincoln fakes a laugh. It's awkward.

LILY

Excuse me, we didn't get your name.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Empty save for Dennis's body. Lies in a puddle of blood.

Barney exits the bathroom. Water runs from the faucet.

Wipes his hands with a towel. Looks about the room. Only sees Dennis.

BARNEY

Fuck.

Exits.

Wood emerges from a closet.

INT. BATHROOM 2 - NIGHT

Empty. Coated in white paint like the others. One of the lights flicker, however.

Stall doors all shut.

Rehman looks in the mirror. Looks over his face. Then over his suit.

He reaches into his pocket without taking his attention from the mirror.

Draws a knife.

Puts the knife to his jaw.

(CONTINUED)

Then carves.

An incision is made. But no blood.

He carves further, around the edges of the face. Slow. Deliberate. Technical.

It peels further, and further. Waxy. Rubbery.

Peels further, the dark "skin" giving way to lighter skin beneath.

He drives the edge of the blade around the neck area.

Around the forehead.

Around the cheeks.

Picking and peeling.

Until...

He dips his face in the sink. Turns on the faucet. Rinses his face gently. Then roughly. Then gently. A soft rub.

He pulls his head out of the sink. And stares into the mirror.

The image of a man of Native American blood. Face tan. Smooth. Gaunt. Creased in the right places.

Rehman removes the wig from his head, revealing a black skull cap.

Rehman removes the skull cap as well.

Reveals long, flowing, silver hair. Dazzling. But adds considerable age to his complexion.

A quick splash of Water to Rehman's face. Then the waterflow halts.

Rehman takes a few deep breaths.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wood lies on the bathroom floor, cradling Blind Mike's head in his lap.

He weeps loudly. The noise escapes like a series of deep moans.

On the counter lies a bloody pair of teeth.

(CONTINUED)

In the sink is a bloody tongue.

Water flows from the tap.

INT. GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Stark tension. Bitter stares.

Larry to Sonny.

Sonny to Larry.

Petey to Larry.

Precious to Larry.

Purdy to Larry.

The Dealer to all of them.

PETEY

Let's just...let's just get back to
the game. Shall we?

LARRY

Of course. The game comes first.

SONNY

Is that so?

Larry looks at him.

PETEY

Come on, you two.

Larry lays down his cards.

Sonny swipes them from the table. Then swipes everything
else from the table.

The others jump from their seats.

PETEY

Jesus, Sonny...

Larry looks to Sonny.

Sonny looks back.

SONNY

(at Larry)

I'm gonna count to five. And I'll
do it real slow.

(CONTINUED)

Larry stands.

SONNY

I'm gonna count real slow. Cause I
want you to think long and hard.
Cause what's comin' after -

A bullet splits through Sonny's forehead. Silences him.

Larry lowers a smoking pistol.

The others stand about in shock.

INT. GAME ROOM - CLOSET - NIGHT

Sonny's body is stuffed inside. The door is shut.

INT. GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Larry holds the pistol to Petey. Precious and Purdy stand near. The Dealer behind the counter.

LARRY

I want you all come with me.

DEALER

Listen. I swear I knew nothing of
Sonny.

Larry shoots The Dealer in the forehead. Dealer's body drops behind the counter.

Larry returns his aim to Petey. He gestures towards the counter.

INT. GAME ROOM - CLOSET - NIGHT

The Dealer's body is stuffed inside. The door is shut.

INT. GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Larry holds the pistol to Petey. Precious and Purdy stand near. All three of them tremble.

LARRY

Now that we all know the rules,
we're gonna try this again.

Larry gestures them towards the door. They don't hesitate to oblige.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY
Let's go find your cousin.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Miller stands waiting by the entrance to the game room.

The game room door opens.

Petey, Purdy, and Precious emerge. Larry behind them.

Miller approaches Larry.

They share a glance and a nod.

LARRY
These one's is unarmed.

Miller looks Purdy up and down. Then Precious. Then Petey.
Miller pushes his pistol back into his jacket.

MILLER
You're getting reckless, Larry.

Larry smiles.

LARRY
It happens. I gamble. So sue me.

Larry gestures Petey and his gang to keep walking. They do.

LARRY
We all do.

Larry continues, with Petey and the gang. Miller tries to follow.

LARRY
The fuck are you doing? I need you
at the dinner.

Miller sighs. Heads in a different direction.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Barney waits by the elevator. He looks about
inconspicuously. Wipes his hands of imaginary blood.

Barney smiles and waves every now and then at passers.

The elevator opens, slowly.

(CONTINUED)

Inside stands a man with his head down.

Barney strolls inside.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Barney's eyes stay focused on the elevator door.

A beat.

BARNEY

Want a smoke?

Barney does not look at the man.

The man raises his head. It is Wood.

A beat.

WOOD

I've known him since he was a kid.

Barney looks down.

WOOD

He always got picked on for it. He couldn't see.

Barney looks up again. Eyes still aimed forward.

WOOD

It was me he counted on. He always expected me to be there. I was like his eyes.

Barney looks down again.

WOOD

Always depended on me.

Barney sighs. Does the Sign of the Cross.

EXT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors part.

Wood leans against a wall, a smoking pistol in hand.

Barney is splayed across the elevator floor. A small puddle of blood collects around his head.

A beat.

Wood exits the elevator.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - FRANK'S TABLE - NIGHT

Frank tears into a lobster tail.

Lincoln as well.

Lily and Luke sit in front of empty plates. Clearly uncomfortable.

Lavishly dressed individuals continue to pour into the room.

Lincoln eyes Frank's food.

Frank glares at him.

FRANK

You're an ape. You know that?

Lincoln returns his attention to his own food.

Luke and Lily pretend Frank and Lincoln aren't there.

Frank notices Travis and Percy enter the room. Curly behind them.

Frank points at them. Nudges Lincoln.

FRANK

These fucks...

Travis and Percy wander foolishly. Search the room with squints.

FRANK

(calling)

Fuckheads!

Neither Travis nor Percy hear it.

FRANK

Fuck! Heads!

Still no luck.

FRANK

Jesus Christ...

Frank stands up. Cups his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

You motherfucker! We're right here!

They get Travis and Percy's attention. As well as the attention of the rest of the dining room.

Long silence.

Travis and Percy haste towards Frank.

They take seats at their table.

Lily and Luke object silently, awkwardly. But their objections fall on deaf ears.

TRAVIS

Come on. We're gone.

Percy chooses a roll of bread and devours it.

FRANK

The fuck do you mean?

TRAVIS

I mean we have to go. Now.

Travis notices Lily and Luke. Smiles awkwardly.

FRANK

We're tryna eat. The fuck you goin' on about?

PERCY

The bitch we had tied up.

FRANK

Ricardo.

PERCY

Cop.

FRANK

No fuckin' way.

Travis glances at Lily and Luke once more. The two are still watching.

Travis leans in close to Frank.

TRAVIS

(whisper)

Hallway.

FRANK
Come on. But our seats, man.

TRAVIS
(at Lily)
Please, we're gonna go to the
restroom -

PERCY
The restroom? The fuck?

TRAVIS
We're gonna go smoke. Do you think
you can hold these seats for us?
We'll only be a minute.

Lily hesitates.

LILY
Sure.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Empty save for Frank, Travis, Percy, and Lincoln.

PERCY
It's a whole fuckin' setup.

TRAVIS
No other reason for police to be
lurkin'. We're walking into a trap.

FRANK
Wait wait wait wait.

They wait.

FRANK
He told you he was a cop, so your
first reaction was to kill him?

Percy scratches the back of his head.

TRAVIS
Can we skip this? I believe we've
covered this already. Can we
fuckin' focus for once?

FRANK
Focused.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

We get the fuck out of here. Now.

FRANK

Mid-job?

TRAVIS

Fuck the money. Fuck Joey. Fuck these cops.

Frank takes a moment to contemplate.

Lincoln as well.

FRANK

Can we atleast finish our meal?

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - FRANK'S TABLE - NIGHT

Frank, Travis, Percy, and Lincoln eat.

Lily and Luke watch.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - CURLY'S TABLE - NIGHT

Wood sits by Curly. The rest of the seats are occupied by various chatty men and women.

WOOD

Thank you.

A smile forms on Curly's face.

CURLY

I tell you what you need to know.

A beat.

CURLY

I hope you didn't leave a mess.

Curly watches something in the distance.

Wood watches his feet.

CURLY

You still after Joey? The money?

Wood watches his feet. Lost in thought. Looks up and gazes across the room. At the wall. Through the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CURLY

You wanna be a star. I get it. One of the bad boys you see on TV. The Scarface's and the Jackal's.

Curly takes a moment to glean the contents of his drink.

CURLY

Lemme tell you somethin'.

Wood lends his attention to Curly.

CURLY

They're just movies. It's only one man I know is like that. And it's Silva. You, sonny, are not Silva. And you will never be Silva.

Wood chuckles, to Curly's disappointment.

The two share a lengthy gaze.

CURLY

You think you a badass, now? Kill one man and think you a badass now? Think you can take on the whole fuckin' world, huh?

Wood throws his gaze about the room.

CURLY

You got your revenge, kid. Go home.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - LIEF'S TABLE - NIGHT

Chambers picks at the scraps on his plate.

Phillip types away at his laptop.

Lief surveys the room. His eyes pass over anxious guests. Frank. Several more anxious guests. Miller. Older guests. Curly.

Lief leans over to Chambers. Eyes still on Curly.

LIEF

Our friend...

Lief points.

Chambers looks.

(CONTINUED)

CHAMBERS

Indeed it is.

Chambers turns his attention to Phillip's rattling at the keyboard.

CHAMBERS

How much so far?

PHILLIP

Um...250 pages.

CHAMBERS

How many more?

Phillip stops typing.

PHILLIP

I mean...whenever you're done.

LIEF

200 more, Phillip.

PHILLIP

What?

CHAMBERS

"What, sir."

PHILLIP

Excuse me.

LIEF

I said 200 more pages. Is how much you have left. Chambers and I have much left to do.

Phillip nods.

CHAMBERS

Read me a scene.

PHILLIP

Sir?

CHAMBERS

A scene. A scene. A scene! A fucking scene!

PHILLIP

Sir...there are no scenes.

Chambers squints, dumbfounded.

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP

I mean...it's a novel. We have pages. And chapters -

CHAMBERS

A chapter then. Smartass.

LIEF

Read a passage from this chapter.

Phillip pulls up a document. Scans.

PHILLIP

Okay. "Lief stalks the man from behind. Like a tiger. A wild animal. A fiend. But the man is clever. He notices. And he puts a gun to Lief's head. But Lief is even more clever. He is able to disarm the man and behead him in one stroke. He -"

CHAMBERS

That is just awful.

LIEF

God awful.

Phillip opens his mouth to speak. Nothing comes out.

LIEF

Absolutely nothing like The Day the Earth Stood Still. Just terrible.

CHAMBERS

You are a disgrace.

PHILLIP

I'm sorry. I told you I'm not a novelist.

CHAMBERS

Who's going to read that shit?

LIEF

And 250 pages of it?

PHILLIP

I'm sorry.

CHAMBERS

So you can't write?

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP
No, sir, I'm not -

LIEF
Then we've no use for you.

Phillip's face wrinkles into a frown. He fights back tears.

PHILLIP
I'm sorry. Please...

Chambers rises from his seat. Casual.

PHILLIP
I'm sorry.

Chambers edges towards him. Casual.

PHILLIP
Please.

Chambers stands behind Phillip's seat. Casual.

PHILLIP
Please...please...please...

Chambers gently holds Phillip's head in his hands. Palms on both cheeks.

Phillip looks up at Chambers's wrinkled face. Phillip's eyes are moist. And red.

Phillip mouths the word "please".

His last voluntary movements. The rest are involuntary. Eyes widen. Lips part. Shoulders slump. And that is all.

Chambers rests Phillip's head on the table. Gentle.

Lief pulls his hand from under the table. Stuffs a gun in his tux. His eyes run a brief survey of the room. Everyone is as they were.

Chambers sets Phillip's head down on the table. Wraps Phillip's arms around it. Phillip appears to be sleeping.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - FRANK'S TABLE - NIGHT

Percy devours his steak. Licks his fingers.

Frank watches in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

No class.

Percy doesn't bother to respond.

TRAVIS

Time is of the essence.

Travis's eyes dart about the room.

TRAVIS

It's some people here that seem to know me and I don't know them.

Travis meets Curly's stare from across the room.

FRANK

Yeah, like that fucker over there.

Points at Chambers.

TRAVIS

I don't like it.

Percy is still scarfing.

TRAVIS

(at Percy)

Hurry up.

Lincoln's eyes follow something OS. Whatever it is, it has him mesmerized.

Percy chokes. A brief period of intense coughing.

PERCY

See what you made me do? Can you let me eat in fucking peace?

LINCOLN

What the fuck?

The whole table looks to Lincoln. Then to what Lincoln is looking at.

A bald man, somewhere in his 40s struts into the room, surrounded by a few well-dressed men. He lights up.

Nearly the entire room stands up.

GROUP OF PEOPLE

Happy birthday, Joey!

(CONTINUED)

The man is JOEY. His face cannot contain his smile. A child on Christmas.

Percy and the gang watch, mouths agape.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - LIEF'S TABLE - NIGHT

Lief and Chambers watch. Mouths agape.

Lily stands and claps. Luke sits. Mouth agape.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - LIEF'S TABLE - NIGHT

Wood watches. Mouth agape.

Curly stands and claps. Excited.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - MILLER'S TABLE

Miller watches. Mouth agape. The rest of the table stands and claps.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank's eyes meet Chambers's.

Chambers's eyes meet Frank's.

Luke's eyes meet Wood's.

Wood's eyes meet the back of Joey's head.

Travis's eyes meet Luke's.

Lincoln's eyes meet Luke's.

Percy's eyes meet Lief's.

Miller's eyes meet Phillip's head.

Lief's eyes meet Curly's.

Scott makes his way towards the front of the room, as well as Roman, who drags Joey along. Another man joins them. MOSES MOSES(52), slimy and weaselly.

Joey seems elated to see them.

JOEY

This is wonderful.

Joey fights back tears.

All eyes turn to him. Chambers's. Frank's. Luke's. Wood's. Travis's. Lincoln's. Percy's. Miller's.

But not Scott's. Scott's eyes are busy sneaking and slithering about the room. From one smiling face to another.

JOEY

I don't know what to say.

Scott, Roman, and Moses part from Joey a few steps. Allow him the spotlight.

But Joey's nervous. Doesn't know what to say. Stammers over his words. Sweats. But he's happy. Like a child.

SCOTT

Give us a...gives us a speech.
Address your friends and family.

Miller's eyes trail from Joey's face. Observe the rest of the room. Stillness. Rehearsed.

Miller slides his hand up into his jacket. Sleight of hand and his fingers catch hold of his gun. Almost mechanical.

A long beat.

JOEY

...I'm just thankful...for you
all...

Joey chokes up.

Miller edges closer.

Chambers stands.

Frank stands.

Lincoln stands.

Wood stands.

Miller edges closer.

The others do not.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry...I'm sorry.
I...I wasn't expecting this, is
all. And I feel loved.

Joey chokes up again.

Scott stands to his left, impatient. Moses as well. They wear plastic smiles. Roman wipes something from his eye.

Scott pats Joey on the back. Uses the opportunity to survey the crowd.

SCOTT

Go on, buddy. Talk about beating
cancer.

Miller's eyes focus. Robotic.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Larry leans against the grand dining room door. He listens. Hears little. Turns to Petey.

LARRY

This is the fourth place we've
checked now. And I ain't seen no
Joey. I'm starting to get annoyed,
friend.

PETEY

I swear it. This is the only place
left he would be.

Larry smirks. Unconvinced.

PURDY

It's true.

Larry jabs his gun against Purdy's forehead.

LARRY

We got rules, don't we?

Purdy nods. Swallows a cry.

A long beat.

LARRY

When I put this story together it
sounds like you three are tryna say
to me that Joey has chosen to hide
in here. In the dining room...

(CONTINUED)

No response.

LARRY

Go on.

PRECIOUS

He ain't hidin'.

Larry removes himself from the door. Gets real close to to Precious. Nose to nose.

PETEY

It's true. Joey don't know shit.

A beat.

LARRY

So I open that door now it ain't gonna be a row of black-suit bodyguards waitin' to gun me down? Run my head through the mud?

They all shake their head "no".

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A majority of the room is still standing. Wait for Joey to speak.

But he is still gathering himself.

A beat.

Miller's eyes meet Curly's. Then return to Joey's.

Curly smirks.

JOEY

I want to thank you all for being here...and my good friend, Scott, for putting this all together. And...and Roman, for being my big brother...

Miller pulls the gun from his jacket. Aims at Joey.

The room is engulfed in screams.

Lief remains seated. Draws a pistol from his waist. Unloads on the crowd. One by one he fires shots into the chests of the assorted guests. Old men go down. Old women go down. Young men. Young women. Lily goes down.

Panic ensues.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - FRANK'S TABLE - NIGHT

Luke hides under the table. Eyes agape and locked onto Lily's bloody body. Tears stream down his face. Rage fills it.

Frank whips out his pistol. Fires at Chambers.

Chambers fires back. Puts a hole in Frank's shoulder. Then puts a hole in Lincoln's arm. Then puts a hole in Luke's chest. Then puts a hole in Travis's shoulder.

Lincoln fires a shot. Puts a hole in Chambers's dinner plate.

Luke aims at Lief. Clutches his chest with his other hand.

Lief puts a hole through his head. Casual.

Percy puts a hole in Lief's head.

Travis puts a hole in Lief's head.

Lincoln puts a hole in Lief's chest.

Chambers puts a hole in Frank's chest. And another.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - LIEF'S TABLE - NIGHT

Chaos and hysteria surrounds. Floor peppered with bodies. Muddled with blood.

Lief relaxes in his chair. Eyes open. Two giant holes in the side of his head. One in his chest for decoration.

Chambers takes a bullet in the back. Topples over, taking the table with him. Food flings through the air.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - MILLER'S TABLE

Empty except for Miller.

Miller takes a bullet to the chest. Fires one. Takes another to the chest. Fires one. Takes one more to the chest. Finally stumbles. Still fires.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - CURLY'S TABLE - NIGHT

Curly dodges bullets from Miller's table. Popping up from under the table to fire the occasional shot.

Wood hides under the table. Shaking. Watches Curly in disbelief.

WOOD

Never fired one in your life?!

Curly ducks under the table.

CURLY

Get out while you can, kid!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Larry stands in front of the grand ballroom door. He listens. He hears the gunfire. He hears the chaos.

He grinds his teeth together behind closed lips.

Petey stands to his left. In disbelief.

Purdy to his right. Also in disbelief.

Precious to his right. In shock.

PETEY

What the hell's goin' on? I swear
it. Wasn't supposed to be all this.
I tell you that-

Petey drops to the floor. Blood trickles from a hole in his head.

Larry's pistol breathes smoke. A steady stream.

Larry turns to Purdy and Precious. His face riddled with a quite fury. Their faces riddled with a quiet panic.

A long beat.

LARRY

Open the door.

Precious and Purdy hesitate.

LARRY

Open the fucking door.

They oblige.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The music still plays.

Dead bodies scattered about. The back door is open. The few survivors scurry through it. Scott included. Roman included. Moses included. Joey included.

Precious and Purdy enter. Larry follows. Steps over a body on his way down.

Passes by Frank's table. Travis dead. Lincoln dead. Frank dead. Percy breathing.

Larry puts a bullet in Percy's head. Percy dead.

Passes by Curly's table. Curly is not there. Wood is not there.

Passes by the remainder of Lief's table. Phillip dead. Lief dead. Chambers dead.

Stops at Miller's table. Miller slumps in his seat. Blood trickles down his mouth. A bulletproof vest is exposed beneath his tattered shirt. Miller is dead.

Larry stares at him. Like watching a baby sleep.

A long beat.

LARRY
You're reckless.

Precious and Purdy sneak off in the background.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ornately lit. Devoid of life.

Wood sprints down.

At an intersection before him, Scott crosses. Then Joey. Then Roman. Then Moses...

A beat.

Then Purdy. Then Precious.

They pass.

Wood stands, stares into the depths of the path before him. It stretches far. He remains still, but his mind lurks. Something gnaws away at his peace. And he can't stand it.

(CONTINUED)

Takes a step. Looks to the left, down the hallway. Sees the backs of Precious, Purdy, Joey. Sees them disappear around a corner.

A beat.

He draws his gun. He follows them.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Larry sits across the table from Miller. Miller dangles in his seat.

Larry pours himself a drink. Pours one for Miller. Miller doesn't Drink. But Larry does.

Larry pulls out a box of cards. Takes them out and shuffles.

LARRY
What you want? Tic Tac Toe? Wall
Street? Hold'Em?

Curly enters. Watches Larry from across the room. Larry doesn't notice him.

Curly removes his tie, his jacket. His shoes. Gets comfortable. Gets closer.

CURLY
Hey!

Larry turns to him. Aims his pistol at Curly. Curly does not flinch.

Curly seats himself at a distant table. Far from Larry.

CURLY
I ain't Joey.

Larry does not flinch.

CURLY
You know that.

Larry lowers his pistol. Because he does know that.

LARRY
Who are you?

CURLY
Full-time killer. Part-time snitch.
And you?

LARRY

You need something, friend?

Larry deals. To Miller. Then himself.

Curly gets even more comfortable in his seat. Pours himself a drink.

INT. JOEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Relatively modest. Just a bed. A few photos. Family photos. Some with Roman. Some with Scott. Some with Moses. Some with Petey.

One with a Native American with long silver hair. He and Joey look happy. Beyond that even. They look relieved.

Joey is tied to a chair. Blindfolded. Gagged. Unconscious.

Scott, Purdy, Precious, Moses, and Roman linger about the room.

Scott stands and approaches Joey.

A beat.

SCOTT

Anyone want to tell me what the fuck just happened?

No, not really.

Scott turns to them.

SCOTT

What the fuck?

Dull silence.

SCOTT

Goddammit, Roman, don't sit there like you don't know.

Roman acts like he doesn't.

SCOTT

You put the hit out. That was your fucking job!

ROMAN

I did!

(CONTINUED)

MOSES

He did.

SCOTT

Then what the fuck?

Roman's at a loss for words.

SCOTT

What did you tell them to fucking kill each other? Is that what you fuckin' said? "Come to this party, last man fuckin' standing gets the prize!"

Roman tries to get a word in.

Scott looks at Purdy and Precious. Even more upset.

SCOTT

And who the fuck invited these clowns?

PURDY

Petey said we could come.

SCOTT

Me and him gonna have to talk after this.

PURDY

He's dead.

PRECIOUS

Got killed.

Scott stares, mouth agape.

SCOTT

What?

Scott looks to Roman.

SCOTT

What did you say?

ROMAN

What?

SCOTT

In the hit. What did you say? Like what did you tell them?

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN
I said...I said...

Reaches far back.

ROMAN
Um...I said it's a reward for...for
Joey's head. Said 10 mil. And
said...said I'd send invitations to
interested parties.

SCOTT
In your name?

ROMAN
In Silva's.

Scott pauses. In utter shock.

SCOTT
You fucked...with Silva?

Roman backs down, ashamed.

SCOTT
Fucking. Imbecile. Fucking fucking
imbecile.

Moses shifts around uncomfortably.

PRECIOUS
On the bright side, means we get to
keep all the money.

SCOTT
On the bright side, means who the
fuck is gonna kill Joey? No god
damn way in hell I'm doin' it.

They hear footsteps approaching the door.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Curly pours himself another glass.

Larry shuffles. Then deals.

CURLY
You a believer?

Larry deals.

CURLY
Like, religious? Spiritual?

Larry shakes his head no.

CURLY
Neither was I.

LARRY
What changed?

CURLY
I dunno.

Curly takes a long sip. Thinks on it.

CURLY
Like, I don't wanna say I am. Cuz I
don't think I am. But I understand
it atleast. 'Least I think I do.

LARRY
That so?

Larry looks through his hand. It's awful.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Just outside Joey's room.

Wood creeps towards the door, pistol ready. Kicks the door open.

Sees Joey. Only Joey. Wood's eyes light up. He aims. Wood creeps into the room. Closer. Closer.

A fist flies in from OS. Clobbers him.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Larry focuses on the pair of cards in his hand. Looks up to Miller's cold face. Looks back down.

CURLY
What's it mean when someone buys
you somethin' you wanted. But they
didn't know you wanted it?

LARRY
Means you got lucky.

Curly takes a sip.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

But ain't no luck when you get
dealt a shit hand now is there?

Larry folds. Gathers the cards. Looks to Curly.

CURLY

Right about that. Only person in
question did get dealt a shit hand.
And did luck his way out. Friend of
mine.

Larry pauses.

CURLY

Born on a reservation. Poorly
managed. I'd say that's a fairly
shitty hand.

LARRY

Go on.

CURLY

Gets kidnapped. Some lowly white
men.

LARRY

White men. Always keepin' us down.

They share a chuckle.

CURLY

Gets made a slave, for a good
number of years. Escapes. Lives in
the woods for some time.

LARRY

That ain't luck.

CURLY

That ain't the lucky part. He lives
in the woods for some years. You
know how these Indians is with
their nature.

Larry shuffles.

CURLY

Leaves the woods. Returns to his
ol' slave camp. Kills every god
damn one of his slavers. Every last
one. And their families.

Larry's eyes widen in curiosity.

(CONTINUED)

CURLY

Gets used to the blood. Feels too good. Tastes too good. So he keeps it up. Can't let go.

LARRY

What's this gotta do with religion?

Curly is happy he said that.

CURLY

You see, he wants to go home. See his family. Show em how much he loves em. But government's shuttin' the reservation down.

Larry deals.

LARRY

I see how this one ends.

CURLY

But you don't.

INT. JOEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wood is tied up in a chair, next to Joey.

Joey spits out his gag as he watches Wood come to.

Wood looks at him. Notices the blindfold over Joey's eyes. A momentary confusion.

Scott is congregated with Moses, Roman, Precious, and Purdy in the back of the room. They whisper amongst themselves.

JOEY

What's going on?

Wood shakes his head.

A beat.

JOEY

Thank you.

WOOD

For what?

JOEY

For coming to save me.

Wood fights back tears.

(CONTINUED)

BACK OF THE ROOM

Scott tosses a pistol in Roman's lap.

Roman looks up, flabbergasted.

MOSES

It's on you.

ROMAN

This shit ain't funny, you guys.

SCOTT

You fucked up the hit. This shit was on you -

ROMAN

This was all your idea!

SCOTT

No. We were all in this together! We all fuckin' agreed!

MOSES

Do your part, Roman.

ROMAN

This wasn't my fuckin' part.

MOSES

You fucked up your part!

ROMAN

I didn't fuck anything up!

SCOTT

They all killed each other, Roman. They all. Fucking. Killed each other.

MOSES

And what about the other guy?

SCOTT

What about him?

MOSES

Do we kill him?

PRECIOUS, PURDY, AND SCOTT

Jesus, Moses!

(CONTINUED)

MOSES

What?

SCOTT

We're not fuckin' killers. We ask him questions. Find out what the fuck is going on.

MOSES

About that cop too.

PRECIOUS

What cop?

PURDY

Yeah I ain't heard of no coppers.

MOSES

The dead one in the bathroom.

SCOTT

Who the fuck called the cops?

They don't know.

PURDY

Maybe followin' leads or somethin'. I dunno.

MOSES

Who the fuck gave them leads?

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Curly pours one more glass.

Larry pours another.

CURLY

The reservation don't get shut down. Know why?

LARRY

Why?

CURLY

A philanthropist pays it off. Buys that shit outright. Name is Joey.

Larry's eyes widen.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Joey...?

Curly nods.

CURLY

Needless to say, our Indian friend
is more than pleased.

LARRY

(to himself)

Joey...

CURLY

But the thing I never understood
was why would this savage killer be
given this type of "luck"?

Larry looks at Miller. A passive rage sweeps over him.

CURLY

He kills family after family.
Hundreds of people. Just an
absolutely ruthless fuck. But by
some miracle his family gets saved.
As if he deserved it.

LARRY

'S Why I don't believe in no
religion. Either you're lucky. Or
you're not.

Larry downs his drink. Peers at Miller's full glass. Miller hasn't taken a sip.

CURLY

That's the magic of it. Maybe God
ain't tryna punish no one.

Larry pays him no mind. Pours another glass.

CURLY

Maybe God's got a better use for
him. Maybe...maybe he decided,
let's let this man save someone.
Someone good.

Larry hears that part.

INT. JOEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Roman aims the gun at Joey. Finger trembles on the trigger. Arm trembles all the way up to the shoulder. He'd clearly never held a gun before. Especially not up to his brother.

Joey sobs.

WOOD
Don't shoot! Please!

SCOTT
Pull the god damn trigger already!

Roman grits his teeth, shuts his eyes. His finger tightens on the trigger. Just a bit.

JOEY
Why are you doing this?!

MOSES
Shoot, goddammit.

Roman takes a deep breath. Then another.

JOEY
Why are you doing this? I put my
will in your name! Your name,
Roman! And you're going to shoot
me?

Roman's arm shivers violently. He grits his teeth.

WOOD
Don't shoot!

JOEY
Look at me, Roman!

Roman looks at him.

ROMAN
You're my brother. My older
brother.

Silva hears something. Edges towards the door. Tries to peer through the peephole. Something is blocking it. The sound grows louder.

Roman presses his eyes closed. Tears squeeze out from the slits. He bears his teeth, as if bracing for impact.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY
You're my fucking brother!

MOSES
Shoot already!

ROMAN
He's my fucking brother!

Tears eject from Roman's face. Cover his cheek. His face crumbles into a wrinkled mess. He sobs.

ROMAN
He's my fucking brother!

Moses tears the gun from Roman's hand. Aims at Joey.

ROMAN, WOOD
No!

Moses pulls the trigger. Not a modicum of hesitation. And ends Joey's life.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Larry snuffles. Nods. Snuffles again.

Curly watches.

LARRY
Strange the way our paths differ.
We all get dealt shit hands...

CURLY
But we don't all take the same
road.

A long beat.

CURLY
You ain't gonna roll the dice
forever.

Larry tries to pour another drink but the bottle is empty.

LARRY
Ain't no easy way outta the game.
Everyone you took from wanna win
their money back. So you gotta keep
playin'.

Curly looks to Miller. Then back to Larry. Larry is broken. Gathers the cards from Miller's side of the table.

(CONTINUED)

CURLY

Reason I'm here is to apologize.

Curly and Larry match gazes. Curly breaks the contact and glances at Miller. Back to Larry.

A long beat.

Larry draws his pistol. Curly his. They aim at one another.

CURLY

I hope you take my apology with you.

Larry responds with a subtle nod. But Curly sees it.

INT. JOEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Scott stands in the foreground, facing the door. Head pressed up against the door, listening.

Everyone else in the background. Precious watches him. Purdy watches him. Moses watches him. But Wood sits with his head down. Joey's head also down. Blood soaks his chest. Roman sobs in his lap.

MOSES

What now?

Scott shushes him. Goes back to listening.

A long beat.

MOSES

I don't hear nothin'.

Scott pulls his head away from the door, aims for the handle.

In the background, Rehman emerges from OS. Hair flowing, silver, immaculate. Eyes pearls.

Drives a dagger through the back of Purdy's neck. Moses notices, aims, fires two shots at Rehman. Rehman makes Purdy's body absorb them. Rips Purdy's neck open with the dagger.

Precious charges Rehman. Rehman tears his throat out. Mechanical precision. He'd done this before. Many times.

In the foreground, Scott still stares at the door. He can hear everything. He nods to himself. He understands.

(CONTINUED)

Moses tosses a lamp at Rehman. Rehman destroys it with his forearm. Whips another dagger from his waistband Sends it at Moses. It drives into his throat and pins him to the wall.

Rehman moves towards Roman. Like a phantom.

Roman looks up at him, tear-stained cheeks and wet-eyes.

But Rehman doesn't care.

He clutches Roman by the hair, jerks his head back. And drives the dagger into Roman's throat.

Blood splatters onto Wood's face. He squeezes his eyes shut.

Scott takes a deep breath. Looks down.

Rehman approaches him from behind. His steps make no sounds. But Scott knows he is coming.

SCOTT

Silva -

Rehman grabs Scott's hair, jerks his head up. Scott stares at the door. His face riddled with fear, but a strange resolve lingers.

The sound of metal driving into flesh. Scott's eyes grow big. His mouth springs open. The sound of metal digging through flest. Scott's eyes grow bigger. As if about to fall out.

A beat.

Scott drops.

Rehman stands in his place. Hair immaculate, a deep silver. Untainted. He grips in his hand Scott's bloody spine.

The sound of dripping blood.

Rehman starts towards Wood.

Wood watches.

Rehman stands before him. Looks to Joey. Looks back to Wood. Wood holds in tears.

Rehman watches Wood cry.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Curly stands over Larry's body. Looks down at the hole in Larry's head. Looks at the holes in Miller's chest.

He reaches down and picks up Larry's pistol. Eyes it over. It's nice. Expensive.

Curly opens it up. Checks for bullets. It is empty.

He nods. A smile makes its way onto his face.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM

In the background, Wood alone in his chair. The room stuffed with silence. Bloodied bodies lie about him.

Wood's head points towards the floor. He does not move.

FADE OUT

THE END